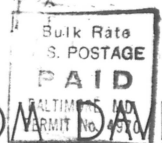


The Baltimore Underground Journal
Volume 1, Issue 12

harry

April 17, 1970

DWARFF
Box 26
Village Sta.
New York, New York
10014



MESSAGE FROM DAVE

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Lest anyone be disappointed at missing a windy diatribe, let me say first, yes, all power to the people and all power to the imagination. Going off to jail I am thinking of some hair, Franck's first violin and piano sonata, a place in California, and Harpo Marx's auto horn. Really I would like to express how happy and lucky, besides pissed off, I feel to be going to jail for something I believe in without having fucked it up (like slipping on the way to the courthouse). Since we poured blood on draft files at the Baltimore Customs House in '67, one of the Catonsville 9 burnt to death in a car accident, and many have been murdered in Vietnam. The appeal process is a drag.

I will continue my writing in jail. I think the question of jail is an important one we should all consider. Very few occupations or talents will be hurt by a stay in jail, most will be helped. I agree with Phil Berrigan who feels men of vision have a duty to risk jail — priests... artists. And we are all men of vision, aren't we? Jail can only strengthen families — as the Wobblies said, "We're in for you — you're out for us." I say this because even to the "movement" this is a family and job-oriented society. And how many officials and other straights have we met who were only, in the Eichmann sense — "doing my job." Very few of us will act radically for the oppressed of the earth. We will act out of self interest. In terms of self interest you may not want to wait around after an action to be arrested. In terms of self interest, how about breaking us out of jail? But seriously...

I got "married" the night before our anti-draft action; at the time I thought it a nice balance, besides loving my wife, to the "negative" act of file destruction. (Actually we were already married in that we lived together.)¹ My desire was to "Make Love Not War." I have since seen that pouring blood on draft files — burning them — is not negative in the slightest. I hope you will pay attention to other bad property around us and take far more extreme action against it than we — always keeping in mind the YIPPIE, creative, rather than violent, path.

My words of parting are these: Please express yourself and tell the truth about people you don't like — like the government — always! There are confusing times coming — be very clear. Think of others in terms of their sufferings, not their position. Don't live in the past. Keep Trotsky's slogan of Permanent Revolution in your head — turn it over in your mind like a prayer bead. Again I want to say "Make Love Not War." Keep on truckin'. But mainly Keep on Fucking! Fuck your girls (or your guys),² and Fuck³ this rotten government.

With hope for the future,
In Freedom,

Dave

Dave Eberhardt
HARRY, Baltimore 4

Eberhardt and Berrigans to surface

On April 9th only two members out of nine of the draft-file destruction groups known as the BALTIMORE 4 and CATONSVILLE 9 reported to Baltimore federal marshals to begin serving their prison sentences which range from two to six years.

The BALTIMORE 4 entered a draft center located in the Baltimore Customs House in October 1967 and poured blood on the 1A Selective Service files as a protest against the war in Vietnam, against the draft, and against war in general. The group included Fr. Philip Berrigan, Catholic priest, author, and social activist, artist Tom Lewis, Reverend James Mengel, a United Church of Christ minister, and Dave Eberhardt, poet and underground journalist.

On May 17, 1968, the Catonsville 9, which again included Fr. Philip Berrigan and Tom Lewis, burned over 300 1A draft files with home made napalm outside the Catonsville Draft Board. The other seven were Fr. Daniel Berrigan, poet and theologian; Fr. Thomas Melville, his wife Marjorie, and John Hogan, the three had been ejected from Guatemala as Maryknoll missionaries for alleged involvement with revolutionaries; Mary Moylan, a nurse who had worked in Uganda; George Mische, peace organizer who had worked in Central America; Brother David Darst, a Christian Brother

teaching in ghetto schools in St. Louis who was killed in an automobile accident earlier this year.

Word has been received that Fr. Philip Berrigan and Dave Eberhardt plan to appear publicly for their friends and supporters, and probably for the federal authorities. An "UP FROM UNDER" Rally will be held on April 21st at 8:30 p.m. at the Church of St. Gregory the Great, 144 W. 90th Street in New York City. The program will include Yippie Paul Krassner, lawyer William Kunstler, Felipe Luciano of the Young Lords, and others, as well as "Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys" a rock group, and the Pablo Light Show. On the first night of Passover, it will be "a celebration of freedom from the new Egypt."

It has also been reported that Fr. Daniel Berrigan will appear publicly at a Woodstock type festival called "America is Hard to Find" on the weekend of April 17-19 at Cornell University where he serves as a professor. The participants at Ithaca will include: Phil Ochs, Jerry Jeff Walker, the Bread and Puppet Theater, John Hostetter, Alan Sorral and David Turner performing a rock mass, and many others.

A letter mailed from Baltimore said: "The '4' and '9' who are underground invite movement brothers and sisters to join them in creative approaches to direct action, trials, the underground, and jail."

FOOTNOTES TO ABOVE

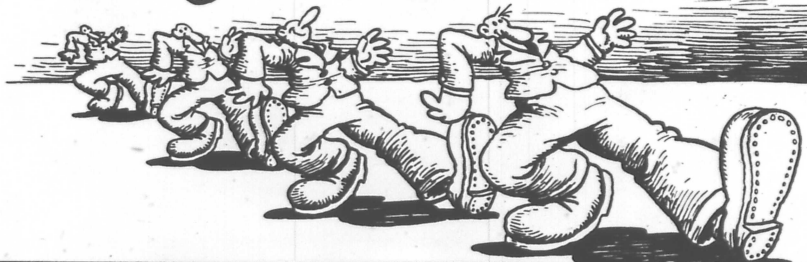
1. A titillating bit for underground readers
2. Ever mindful of the population explosion
3. In the sense of "fuck up"
4. A little quiz for HARRY readers:

Did the actions of the Baltimore 4, Catonsville 9, Milwaukee 14, etc:

- a. Feed the future of world socialism?
- b. Feed the future?
- c. Feed the hungry of the world?
- d. Feed the heads of those that did them?

e. ?

Keep on Truckin'...



NOTICE!

LIVING WORLD



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harry

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Original Message from Dave & Phil

According to present information, members of the Baltimore 4 and Catonsville 9 must surrender to federal marshals on Thursday, April 9th. For us, the appeals process has run its course, followed by entrance into prison.

Under a fiction of justice, the government will now exact payment for our "crimes." Crimes against paper rather than people, crimes of blood and fire favoring life and condemning death, crimes of protesting an \$85 million daily waste in a brutal, futile war; crimes of affluence, and torn by racism and violence; crimes of stating that politics are profits, and that the two-party system is, in reality, the Property Party. In a word, crimes of hope, relationship, community, justice and freedom.

We have trouble with surrender, even as we have trouble with official notions of crime — or justice. Because this government refuses to represent the poor, or blacks, or students, it does not represent us. If it were truly representative, we would not be sent to jail, nor would it suppress our black brothers, our sisters, send to battlefield murder or to death our young brothers, suck dry — for profits' sake — our poor brothers here and abroad. And so it becomes a problem to us as it has to the remainder of the world, placing us all in a common dilemma of survival.

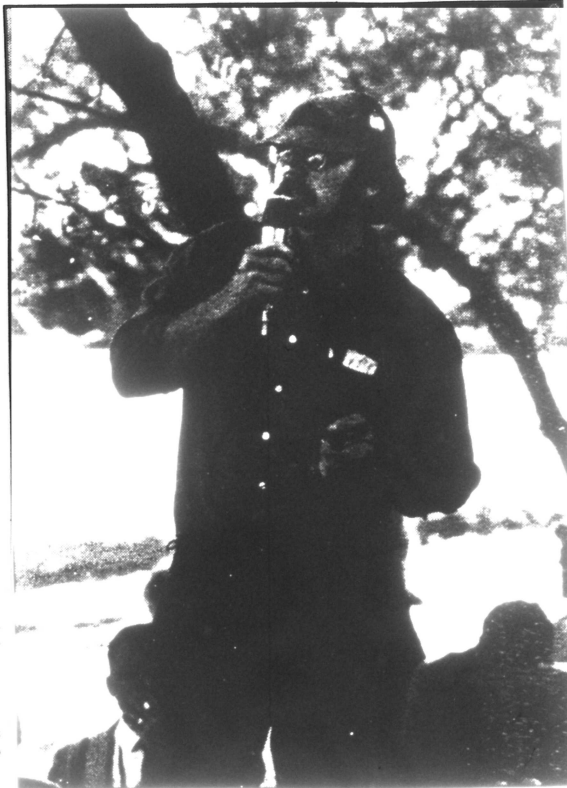
As proof of this, one need only advise Americans to look around. Breathe the

air, search for clear water, savor the slums, pay more for less and less, reflect on the peace (and the arms race spiral that keeps it), watch the war engulf all of SouthEast Asia, and slowly gain force in our Latin American provinces. The signs of the times suggest an American Nightmare Dream, from which literally no one is immune.

We will therefore not surrender to the officers of this government. Rejecting its custody, we will seek the custody of peace people, and resist one last time before jail. Then we will speak to honest, serious people of their common state of oppression, and their common fight for survival. Speak to them also of hope and integrity and community and non-violent revolution. We do not fear its sanctions — its censorship, its genius of wealth and research, its jails. But we do fear its distortion of truth (propaganda), its hypocrisy of "law and order" (military and paramilitary), its perversion of justice (bigger profits for less and less people), its freedom (to join the death march or remain passive before it). These we fear, but we will withstand them, and will call upon others to resist. "The law of violence is the law of murder to them; suicide to ourselves." (Thomas Grimko)

Berrigan

Eberhardt



Dave Eberhardt singing with his rock group, the "Baltimore Four." Phil Berrigan played lead guitar, Tom Lewis played bass, and James Mengel played drums.



Exclusive Photo of Dave Eberhardt's Underground Hideout

OH, MAMA!

by THOMAS V. D'ANTONI

I feel like I've been inside a Cobb cartoon.

Allright — take all the caricatures of rednecks you've even seen, add *Easy Rider*, add the worse paranoid hallucination you've even had while tripping — multiply them by ten thousand and put yourself in the middle alone and you've got what I went through a couple of weeks ago when I attended.

The March For Victory In Vietnam!

I kind of figured the crowd would be hostile (pause) and my suspicious were confirmed when, ten minutes after I arrived at the Capital grounds where the march was forming, somebody spit on me. I was just walking along letting my freak flag fly and someone fucking spit on me.

Well, luckily I found a couple of other freaks and we stayed together the rest of the day.

I wanted to get press credentials. I really did. I asked somebody who was wearing a green press ribbon where he got it. He told me who to look for. I saw a group of march marshalls and decided to ask them where the credentials dude was. I did and this Robert Crumb creation walked up to me and said "Boy! Don't you have any respect?"

"But — I — I — a — jus — asked..."

"You better get your ass outta here!"

"I — I — press — credent..."

"You get those credentials and stick em up yer ass sideways!"

I — um — moved on.

Found the guy. Told me that only "our people" (his people) were getting the credentials. OK. I have never seen so many Jesus freaks in one place in my life. Every five minutes some friendly face (slightly dazed) would come up to me and hand me a tract to read. Like:

Miraculous deliverance from death trap: Jesus is coming soon!

Where will you be five minutes after you die?

God's simple plan of salvation.

What must I do to be saved?

Four things God wants you to know.

Good Christians all. A bible in one hand, a flag in the other, a knife between their teeth, and a gun up their ass. Ah, but their main purpose here today was not to convert me, but proclaim loud and clear to all that they want a victory in Vietnam. They want the U.S. Army to kill a Kommie for Krist. Yes sir, God's a mean motherfucker and he wants us to win!

Originally I had planned to take along a V.C. flag and say "yes, I'm for victory in Vietnam!" I'm glad I didn't do that. I'd have gotten killed.

One big ole redneck walked up to me and said, "You want an Amurkin flag."

I said, "Well, I'd have to wear it upside down."

Wrong thing to say.

He also didn't like it when I told him I was from the New China News Service. I said that after he asked me if my notes would be going to Hanoi.

The march began.

The placards were really dumb. Nothing original. Most of them said "Victory in Vietnam" or "In God we Trust." The most imaginative placards were done by the National States Rights Party contingent. They had signs like, "Marxism is Jewish" and my favorite, "Nixon is a no-win Swine." Right on, NSRP!

Some interesting things came to light from two leaflets I received. In one distributed by The American Legion Post 544 of Minersville, Pa., I learned that the peace symbol is in reality a Communist Anti-Christ plot! You see it is really a broken cross. I wouldn't bullshit you. It is also "A common symbol of the devil!"

Did you know that "Every symbol of the Broken Cross that is publicly displayed is noted gleefully by the godless Communists, who can see how thoughtless and vulnerable the Americans really are!"

You better repent, motherfucker.

The other leaflet told me that "Certain religious fanatics are aloose on the streets of your city. They are going about preaching Jesus and him crucified!" Yeah one gave me this leaflet.

So everybody is marching solemnly down the street — no singing — no chanting — no smiling — no nothing.

Those gooks are hardly human. They have very little respect for human life.

Every last native has been terrorized into fighting.

War is hell. We are at war with the ten year old children.

And the hell of it is, we're losing!



Gee Lyons

Met up with some more freaks who were giving out flowers. Nice.

Man came by (in the march) dragging a torn V.C. flag on the ground. He thought he'd really put us uptight.

Well, some of the flower freaks put some flowers on it. And a couple of us approached him and said, "Sir, don't you know that's a South Korean flag?"

He almost freaked for a minute. He caught on, however.

At the corner where the march turned to get to the mall we met 15 or 20 other freaks and we all commenced heckling. And oh did we get in some good riffs. All of which were hilarious at the time, few of which are funny now.

We told them they should take a bath, get a haircut, go back to Russia. We asked them if all of the black people had to march in the rear of the parade. I saw 7 black people in the march.

The minutemen (their answer to the weathermen) were there. I stayed out of their way.

Didn't see any bikers although there were rumors of their coming.

The rally started. Rev. Carl McIntire, a rich Jesus freak who owns Cape May, N.J. and who sponsored the rally, haranged.

I talked with some of the people there. One sweet lady said that she didn't mind if people's heads got blown off as long as they were the enemy. I asked her (obviously) "aren't the enemy people too?"

CONSPIRACY'S MA

by Rennie Davis

CHICAGO [LNS] — Ma Houston is a strong, outspoken black woman in her sixties who's been a radical activist in Chicago for as long as anyone can remember. She used to come to our trial a lot and sit in the back row with a great big Conspiracy button pinned to her coat. Behind Cook County Jail's door, Ma Houston is a friend.

Even when the whole world forgets, or is too busy to remember, Ma is standing outside some cell, pushing through candy or papers and checking for a message to be passed along, or asking about outside business that needs completing. There's enough trust for this black woman inside the tiers and bars of Cook County to overthrow a government.

So when the Conspiracy raised bail money as a small gesture towards solving the monstrous problem of seven white men walking out of Cook County while 2000 blacks stayed behind, we asked Ma Houston to help. Ma proceeded to push and shove with Warden Moore, and managed to change money into free human beings. She hustled papers and fingerprinting and ID and photographs until the 16 men who were bailable on the two prison tiers that caged the Conspiracy for a couple of weeks were actually outside the jail. When they were all out, Ma said to them:

"Some people will ask you if you're getting messed up with the Conspiracy. There are those who don't think real good of them, but just remember the old lady in the stagecoach who was held up by Jesse James. Jesse went up and down the line taking diamonds and gold watches from passengers, but when he came to this old woman who held out her bag with only a few dollars inside, he reached in his pocket and pulled out a few hundred dollars and stuck it in the woman's purse. When the passengers came into town and people pressed around them with worried faces and questioned about how bad Jesse James was, the one woman answered, 'Yeah, I heard Jesse James was bad. But I seen he treats people real fine.'"

Ma then led the free men to a restaurant across from the jail.

We filled up chairs around a long table and ordered drinks to celebrate ourselves. Ma sat in the center, like a banquet chairman in a winning Vietnamese hamlet. We took our places instinctively around her, joking and chattering. Someone was laughed off the table for asking directions on using a knife and fork. Ma told him, continued on page 5

I Wonder What Bananas Can Do For Me!



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So You've Been Busted!

So you've been busted!

At least you are ahead of the person who think he might have appendicitis; he's not sure but you know that you are in trouble. And perhaps the first thing that you should realize is that you, even with a little help from your friends, are not really competent to handle the trouble any more than you could perform an appendicitis operation. So this article is a list of what to do until you get to a doctor, in this case a lawyer.

SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP. First of all after you are busted, Shut Up. Nothing that you can say will help you no matter what you might happen to think at the time. Also you might not be thinking too clearly under all the pressure, so just Shut Up. The only thing you should sign is a statement saying what they are holding for you in a valuables box until you are released. DON'T SIGN ANYTHING ELSE. And don't talk to anyone about your case. That includes the guy who is sharing your jail cell. You gain nothing by talking.

The Shut Up rule applies to political busts as well. Now when you are busted at a demonstration it is often intentional and you figure why not talk? Many a person has been convicted of refusing induction because after his arrest he talked to government agents, etc. If you want to talk prepare a statement beforehand and have a lawyer check it.

ASK TO SEE YOUR LAWYER ASK TO SEE YOUR LAWYER ASK TO SEE YOUR LAWYER. Do this as soon as you can, and keep asking until you can. Now lawyers cost money, and often people say, I don't know if I need a lawyer. Perhaps the most crucial part of your case is the beginning. Often that is when you need a lawyer most. So be honest with yourself and if you know that you are going to call a lawyer eventually, call him right away.

Now suppose that you cannot afford a lawyer. A lawyer will be appointed for you by the courts, but this happens later on in the legal process, so if you cannot afford a lawyer there are some things that you can do to help yourself until a lawyer is appointed. Usually within twenty-four hours after you are busted you appear before a judge for a preliminary hearing. (This is a check on police power.) At this hearing the state has to prove that there is enough evidence to hold you (for presentment to the Grand Jury etc.). Now the state does not have to produce a lot of proof, but they do have to produce some. If you do not have a lawyer, ask a policeman when the hearing will be and have a friend present at the hearing. Instruct your friend to write down the names and addresses of everyone who appears to testify against you, as well as the gist of what they said. This is very important, for often these are the people who will later testify against you, and it is quite helpful to know who they are, and what they are going to say at your trial.

What about a lineup. You have to participate in a lineup. However you do have certain rights. The first is that there is a lawyer, who is there to represent your interest, present at the lineup. You have to have a lawyer before the police can hold a lineup. Most often the lawyer will be assigned by the Judge. As a matter of law it appears to be hard to violate due process in a lineup, but it is possible. If you see that you are six feet tall and dressed in jeans and everyone else is five feet five and dressed in a suit, tell the police that you will not participate. Talk to your lawyer, make him object and try and arrange a fairer lineup. The important thing to ask is, "Do I stand out like a sore thumb?" If you really stand out and don't forget that everybody is different from each other.

then start objecting and talk to your lawyer.

The FBI will allow your lawyer to choose four men from a group of men that you would like to be in your lineup. They know that they have their man, and if they are wrong they don't want you (at least as far as their lineup procedure is concerned). I don't know of any local police department that will allow you to choose who should appear with you, and sometimes believe it or not, your fellow participants are all police cadets in white shirts. The lineup stage is very important; once a person identifies another person he usually doesn't change his mind. So talk to your lawyer and try to get as fair a lineup as possible. And under no circumstances should you appear in a lineup without a lawyer.



Now before I go into the next matter it is important for you to know the difference between a Municipal Court and criminal court. There are no criminal courts in police stations in Baltimore. The Baltimore City Criminal court is at the court house at St. Paul St and Fayette. You will never appear in criminal court the day after you are arrested. Criminal court is a big court. There is a stenographer, a jury box etc. (If you still don't know where you are, ASK.) The following paragraph does not apply to where you want a lawyer. If you want a lawyer and in most cases that is advisable, ask for one. You will not be unreasonably delayed. If after reading the paragraph you do not understand it, then forget it. It only happens in isolated cases.

Now suppose that you have been arrested on a minor charge. If you do not have any money for bail, and if you cannot be released on your own recognizance, and if you are to be tried in Municipal Court, do not request a jury trial. Because if you do you will be locked up until that trial can be arranged and that takes some time—at least a couple of months—and once you say you want a jury trial and are indicted you cannot change your mind and go back to a Municipal Court. This applies particularly to demonstration busts. All power to the people is fine, but sometimes you will not feel like waiting for three months until the people are ready to try you. Now don't get this confused. This applies to cases where you would be tried immediately.

PSYCHEDELIC

CLOVERDALE, British Columbia [UPS/Georgia Straight] — Richard Julian Turner, 33, a well-known Canadian artist who has done works commissioned by Expo and the National Gallery of Canada, offered a marijuana cigaret to the judge during his trial on a pot possession charge last Wednesday. On the Friday following, he was issued a summons to appear in the same court in Cloverdale to answer to another possession charge, possession of the joint he has offered the judge.

His legal counsel, Percy Smith, 28, handed Turner the joint during the trial and gave a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman-another, which he had kept in his briefcase, immediately afterwards. Monday afternoon, he was issued a summons to appear with Turner - also on a possession charge.

That makes him the first legal counsel in this area to be busted for the psychedelic sacrament, say local lawyers. He has had no repercussions from the local Bar Association at this time.

Said Smith, "We offered the judge grass because we think it is a good thing. We offered it in peace and friendship..." Smith got a \$250 fine for the original offense.

SNOOPERS!

WASHINGTON DC.[LNS] - The Federal government has authorized the opening of sealed mail from overseas without the recipient's permission. According to Marquis Childs of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch the new regulation permits the opening of first class mail whenever a postal clerk decides that the mail is suspicious.

Martin Wolf, a post office official, admitted that the new regulation had been issued. He claimed that the measure was intended to stem the flow of pornographic material and lottery information from overseas.

According to Childs, "those long familiar with the procedures feel that the initiative came from above, either from the Department of Justice or the White House."

diately before the Municipal Court Judge, not to cases where you will be tried in criminal court. And it is only relevant where you feel that your chances of being found guilty are about the same whether you are before a jury or judge.

Now complete the quiz below. (Ans. will be found on P. 13 of the Hagerstown Police Review.)

As soon as I am arrested I should do one of the following:

- a. Tell the police everything I know
 - b. Tell the police why I wanted to be arrested.
 - c. SHUT UP
 - d. Ask for a package of Wheat Straw
- The first thing I should do once I am arrested is:

- Call for a life reading
- Call my friend and tell him to water the plants

- c. Call a lawyer (If you don't know one now, know a name by tomorrow.)

If I do not have a lawyer at the preliminary hearing I should:

- a. Stand there and look cool
- b. Take the name, address and statement of anyone who testifies
- c. Wave to my friends

When you do not have a lawyer Always plead:

- Not Guilty
- Not Guilty
- Not Guilty
- All of the above

CONSPIRACY MA continued from page 4

"Hell, you've only been kept to a spoon for nine months. Moe (the warden) couldn't have forgotten ya everything." Whiskey Alexanders were compared with the poison water they offered up across the street as hot chocolate, and the warden was chewed out for threatening to put a boot to the seat of my pants two hours earlier. It was normal talk for political prisoners come to have a freedom supper.

I say "political prisoners" in the most serious way I can. The mah next to me has been serving a year sentence for being arrested. He was awaiting trial. His bail was \$250. The indictment against his income by selling people to the government. The informant got a commission for every case, phone or not. There were 16 "stories" of incredible human dimension around Ma's restaurant table, each one testimony that prisoners as a class are political victims. As one man put it, "The judge, prosecutor and public defender are all brothers getting paid by the same company. But I'm just a bad nigger stranger in the eyes of the company."

bomb

On March 30, the Conspiracy bailed out 16 men representing every prisoner who was squared off against the same stacked system as us. The 16 are people who just happened to be on our tier. The only difference between their cases and ours is that no one noticed theirs. That restaurant meeting was called to help forward a simple revolutionary principle that should be laid down and made operative until the day we tear the prisons down; that whites who have support from Middle America and can raise bail for themselves must assume the responsibility to raise and equal or greater amount for the political prisoners they leave behind. In our case, we hope the fund can be permanent, that the money will be returned and added to and used for ongoing legal expenses. The funds will be administered by the Chicago Legal Defense Committee, 173 West Madison, Chicago, Ill. People who want to help should send what they can and show the Supreme Court that its decision justifying gagging cannot stop the Conspiracy from speaking and acting.

THE INVOLVEMENT

1205 N. CHARLES STREET - 837-8487



ARE YOU A PLASTIC JERK-OFF?

by P. J. O'ROURKE

Bartender: How can you kids listen to that music?

Cycle Gang Member: Man, you just ain't got the bop bop-a-re-bop.

— *The Wild Ones*

It occurs to me that there are a lot of plastic jerk-off freaks around. In case anyone hadn't noticed. Last night I was standing happily at the bar in Pete's drinking fifteen cent drafts when in comes a whole shit-load of them. Lord God, Pete's had been discovered. I mean these weren't just your average vacuous hippies (the price I suppose we have to pay, like the Christians, for popularization); these were pure-bred plastic jerk-offs with the sideburns and twenty dollar bell-bottom pants. (If I had twenty dollars, I'd buy a lid.) These are the guys with the hot-shot jobs in the creative department at Carphed, Carphed, Carphed and Carphed! selling napalm to the Vietnamese or whatever. The kind of self-righteous little fascist who voted for McCarthy and buys a Corvette. These people are a problem. Not that they don't have a place in the universe. You can ball the chicks and give them crabs. Their boy-friends are good marks for panhandling. It's just that if you say "love," three days later Max Factor has 140 shades of "Love" lipstick hyped all over the pages of *Look*. If you make a peace symbol with a can of spray paint you liberated from 7-11, the next thing you know they're selling peace symbol jewelry, peace symbol tee shirts, peace symbol kleenex, peace symbol jock straps, and peace symbol tampons. If we decide on Monday that Pat O'Brien is our new culture hero, by Thursday you'll be able to buy life-size day-glo posters of the old fart. Neal Cassady died for this?

The great American puce paisley LSD electric instant karma co-opt.

Better watch what you do

Because if it's new

Tom Wolfe will be sneaking right up on you.

You see, these plastic jerk-offs are real sharpies. Especially the record company jacket designers. And like all real sharpies they've discovered that if enough people are into something there's money to be made. Someone once told me that one of the big tobacco companies already ahs the name "Acapulco Gold" copyrighted. I don't know if that's true, but it's true enough. Would it surprise you? So this is a fact of life. So we have to sort of learn to live with it. Wrong. This is culture-war. If those greedy little fuckers want to steal my life-style to line their pockets then they'd better be ready to fight. Our Cultural Commando Squad is already on

the move. R. Crum and S. Clay Wilson are in there swinging. The ass-licking pig shit establishmentarian money grubbers are having a tough time figuring out how to market Captain Piss Gums and his Pervert Pirates. But I don't put it past them Look at *Oh Calcutta*. We can't get around the phenomenon just by working within what America considers obscene. This

to each according to his need." That will never make a cute Coca-Cola ad.

Buy you a Chevrolet, my friend, If you just do something for me.

OK everybody, instant Che Guevara. Is that it? It might be wished so but we must frankly admit this is a slothful and dope-ridden sort of revolution. I'm pretty slothful and done-ridden myself. I don't



lewd goat of a country has an endless appetite for what it maintains is disgusting, like a dog lapping up its own puke. We have to remember that what America says its value system is means nothing. These people aren't into talking to each other. They just like to sling shit. We can throw a little sand in the machinery of the co-opt with obscenity, but as soon as the Senators realize (as the Supreme Court apparently already has) just what size market is at stake, Playboy will discover cunts and we'll be back where we started. This country has only one value — property. The only thing that cannot be co-opted is the destruction of that property. That will never be fashionable. The destruction of shit (money, banks, factories, institutions, cars, TVs, courts, capital, and laundromats) is the one of our ideals that no one can isolate and turn into a profit-reaping fad. We must be first, communists. It is property and capitalism, the super-individualistic rape of man and the earth, against which we rebel if our rebellion is to be counted for anything at all. "From each according to his ability;

know if I'd wish it otherwise. Fanatics of any stripe have a painful tendency to become fascists, and we have all the fascists we need right now. You can do your part by refusing to buy all that hippie trash that's being put out. Screaming Yellow Zonkers is one real good example. That goes for records too. I know that's painful. Make your own, grow your own, do your own and keep it in the family. Why buy some New York garment factory creep's leather pants when you can go up to Axis and have Steve make you a pair for the same price? Don't use money at all — barter. I don't know, there's lots that can be done in that vein. If you must have some or another piece of shit, rip it off.

Don't want your Chevrolet

Don't want your Chevrolet

Don't

Want

Your Chevrolet

And you can't do nothing for me

No no

You can't do nothing for me.

The danger of the co-opt is not only in purposes. In any revolution a tension is necessary — a clear polarization. When America makes money from our life-style they are, in effect, integrating us. And you know where integration is at. The only reason we're being integrated is the same reason the Spades are being integrated. It's easier and more profitable than killing us. Dick Nixon isn't mad at Claude Kirk because Dick likes darkies and Claude don't. Nobody likes darkies. But Dick's smart enough to know that America hates niggers not for their skin but for being niggers, culturally. If we bleach out their culture then color really won't matter. Check Reader's Digest and see if I'm not right. Claude just ain't playing smart enough at getting rid of the niggers.

H. L. Hunt said

To Martin Luther King,

"Man, can't you see,

I'm just doing my thing."

War, culture-war too, is a conscious activity. We must consciously adopt a life-style and symbols that if co-opted will destroy the culture-pirates. In other words, we must go all the way in our

David & Julie Find Alternate

The seven month search for a David Eisenhower look-alike has ended happily in Des Moines, Iowa, and the lucky mirror-image of America's first teeny-bopper prince is the leader of Drake University's Young Americans for Freedom, David Hinton. Hinton, a handsome student leader and future governmental head (?) was picked from out of a list of over thirty-million young Americans.

Hinton has very large ears just like David Eisenhower, and both have the very same first name. The YAF held a gigantic party last night in the Val-Air ballroom, and the guest host was the governor of Iowa, Robert D. Ray, who said: "David deserves this great honor for the fine example he has shown to our youth." After the governor's speech, Mr. Hinton broke down and wept, and then vomited up fourteen chocolate milk shakes all over the second in command of YAF, a young man who could not be identified because of the chocolate covering.

A Julie Eisenhower look-alike will be picked, and both she and Hinton will appear in the May Day parade in downtown Washington D.C., when America displays her new weapons to the free world. Mazel Tov, David!

Headline Deleted

— *The Washington Post*, December 19 (via *I.F. Stone's Weekly*)

Mr. Fulbright: Nearly everyone that has spoken out recently has said that they think it was a mistake to become involved in Vietnam, or in this instance, Laos. [deleted.] This is a major operation. [deleted.]

Mr. Ellender: [deleted]

Mr. Fulbright: [deleted]

Mr. Ellender: [deleted]

Mr. Fulbright: [deleted]

Mr. Ellender: [deleted]

Mr. Fulbright: [deleted]

Mr. Ellender: [deleted]

Mr. Fulbright: [deleted]

I think we should know how much we are spending for this operation which is beginning to be a major war. To stretch the concept of the SEATO treaty into this area is a major expansion of it...

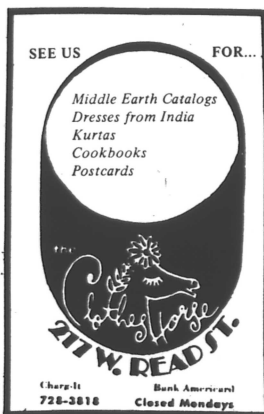
— From the Dec. 15 Senate debate on Laos after it was censured — Cong. Rec. Jan. 21, E155.



collective freak-out. We must get our heads to a place, like the Diggers, where we can be totally free of property. "Property is theft." Things do not belong to you. If you think they do, then you belong to things. *Mea Culpa*. We must increasingly refuse compromise with the imperialists of materialism. We must work towards self-sufficiency until we can completely survive within a People's Free State where the means of production and products are collectively owned by the people. John Sinclair's work and the Earth People's Park are moves in this direction. As is every commune from large permanent set-ups like Hog Farm to the little temporary apartments full of people here in the city. All this is just urging in words because the needed action centers in a head orientation a little more difficult than where you buy your pants. But better, I guess, to urge in words than to be counted silent. Purge the plastic jerk-offs. Purge the snazzy County Freaks in their Daddy's Buick. Elitism is a bad thing but commitment is necessary of every revolution.

They knew where it is, but they don't know what it is.

— Ken Kesey



MD. STATE REVOLTS

by THOMAS D'ANTONI

Students at Maryland State College, the slave quarters for the University of Maryland, in trying to get rid of their house nigger president found themselves on the receiving end of the clubs of the police and of cracker justice of Southern Maryland last Tuesday.

One hundred eighty-one students out of the seven hundred who attend the Princess Anne school got busted April 7, fifty for occupying Maryland Hall (the administration building) and the rest for demonstrating in front of the home of John Taylor Williams, president of the college. The charges ranged from trespassing when they occupied the building (although according to one student, the building is never locked) to disorderly conduct (the later demonstration in front of Williams' on-campus home.) One student was busted for both offenses plus resisting arrest.

J. T. Williams has been president since the college was created in 1948. The college was established so that the College Park campus would be able to stay white. Now dig it — Williams was named president in 1948 with the full knowledge that he would be presiding over what amounted to the bastard child of the state college system.

The college is under the jurisdiction of the U. M. Board of Regents — but Williams has control over who teaches, who doesn't teach, and how much they get paid. Because he is the supervisor of the plantation and number one house nigger, he bows and grovels before the Board of Regents, operating the college on a subsistence budget while ruling with a clenched iron fist in his own domain.

Because he holds this tremendous power of hiring and firing, most of the faculty members (who, according to several students, "are a bunch of Toms") are scared to make a move. Most of the students I talked with agreed that the faculty would like to see Williams out but are frightened of reprisals if they take a stand. One of the final straws in the current dispute was that two popular instructors were fired — without a hearing.

Other complaints are that the president is inaccessible. Several students complained that he does not attend college functions and is never seen on campus — a campus that is tiny.

The plantation atmosphere is heavy at the college. All of the buildings are Georgian — red brick, white columns. The campus is smaller than Morgan's. Oh yeah, it also has a fucking cow pasture — complete with cows.

Well, about the demonstration — at 3pm about 400 students led by Student Government president Lawrence "Duke"

Acker rallied in front of Maryland Hall asking for Williams (J. T. as he's known on campus) to come out and talk to them. It was discovered that he was over in the plantation house, the mansion that is his home. A delegation asked him to speak with the students at Maryland Hall. He entered the building and came out onto the steps where Acker asked him



to resign. When he did not speak, a few students shouted "tyrant" at him. At this point he turned without speaking and, accompanied by the college public relations man, went to his office where he stayed until 9:30.

The students, angry that J. T. would not talk to them, occupied Maryland Hall. At 6, 100 state police in full riot gear (clubs, helmets, mace, etc.) arrived to clear out the bad niggers who had been doing nothing more than sitting on the floor inside the administration building. The usual warning was given — anyone not wishing to be arrested may leave. Many did. About 50 were arrested — taken off in two buses. The rest of the crowd regrouped, insensated at Williams use of the police and decided to demonstrate in front of Williams house.

After a short demonstration, 130 of them were busted for disorderly conduct — although they were doing nothing more than clapping their hands and singing. One student was arrested for resisting arrest. According to him: "I was debating with them (cops) because they were locking up students standing on the side. I was just going by what he said. If you don't want to go you don't have to. So when I left, the guy called me, I started

running then they arrested me for resisting arrest. I was in Princess Anne jail and they came and got me at 4pm and took me to Salisbury jail. But they didn't put me with the rest of the students. They put me with the regular convicts and I was away from the students."

According to one report in the U. M. student newspaper, "A resident of nearby Harford dormitory who escaped arrest said several police men used clubs on students who sat in front of the buses. 'I saw them hit a couple of girls with their billy clubs and they were making obscene remarks to them' he said."

After being arrested for trying to get the president of the college to talk to them and being roughed up by the cracker cops — several students were clubbed, pushed, knocked down and verbally harassed, they were taken to jail (and were not informed of their Constitutional rights, nor were they allowed to make phone calls. Most of the students were forced to spend the night sleeping on the floor of a nearby armory. According to one student who spent the night there, "they turned the heat off and turned on the air conditioner in there." Some of the students were not as lucky and spent the night in filthy cells at 16 to 20 per cell that was built for a maximum of 6. The cells had dirty mattresses which numbered not more than six to a cell.

The trial — a typical southern kangaroo court in which the judges (one Beverly Holland, a man also the town barber who has been known to cut the hair of longhairs while they were in jail, and John Mason) said that the students should be in school to learn and not to fuck with the administration — was over quickly.

Williams didn't attend this one either. Testimony against the students was given by Dr. William P. Hythche, Dean of Students, who said that he called in the police. Thirty-eight of the demonstrators were convicted of disorderly conduct (although their warrants said "trespassing") and the trials of the rest were postponed.

Those convicted were sentenced to 30 days or \$50 and costs. The money was taken on campus.

As a result of the actions an all-college meeting was called by the SGA for Thursday. Williams did not show up but people like Sen. Clarence Mitchell and Edward Hurley of the State Human Relations Commission were in attendance. Hurley said he was there to "see that the man

Moratorium

After a five month hibernation, ye olde Moratorium to End the War surfaced on Thursday, April 15. They sponsored a three day fast to end the war, and although they stressed that they weren't out to draw large crowds again, they held an all night vigil and a rally the following afternoon.

At its peak, the vigil drew around 150 people. It was staged at Hopkins Plaza and began at twelve midnight April 15 or 14 — I could never figure out what day midnight was part of. The usual freedom summer civil rights tunes were sung and participants suffered the cold and wind and rain and long ponderous raps night-eously.

The rally at noon, Wednesday, drew close to 350 and featured the same songs but better raps by a former West Point Cadet who resigned his commission as a protest against the war, and Parren Mitchell, former director of the Baltimore Community Action Agency and candidate for the 7th District Congressional seat.

Despite the cold and rain, the crowd, mostly late second and early third generation war protestors was in good peace sign flashing spirits, and a good time was had by all.

TVD

don't bust you in the head," and Mitchell said he would submit a formal request to the Board of Regents to give cause why Williams should resign along with "anybody else in the administration who is not responsive, who seeks to hold back progress." Well. Right on, Clarence. By the way, how's your family's real estate business?

The mood of the students is interesting — they talk like Huey and they act like King. How much longer the actions differ from the words depends largely on the administration of the college.



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RECEIVING ORDERS BY BRAILLE.

"PUT ON ENCLOSED SPECIAL GUEST BADGE AND GO ADDRESS U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY ON CRIME."



I'VE NEVER APPROVED OF THE U.N. — I'LL JUST TELL THEM WHAT I THINK OF 'EM.



HAW HAW HAW HAW!

COMMIES ON POLICE CONTROL BOARD.



HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO THE U.N., BUT WE ACTUALLY GAVE HIM A LESTER MADDOX FOR PRESIDENT BUTTON AND TOLD THE DRIVER TO TAKE HIM TO HARLEM.



(SNIFF SNIFF) THIS IS EXACTLY HOW I EXPECTED THIS PLACE TO SMELL.



LEMME GO THROUGH YOUR POCKETS, MAN.

YOU U.N. SECURITY GUARDS ARE REALLY ON YOUR TOES, AREN'T YOU? BUT DIDN'T YOU SEE MY BADGE?



WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE MY CREDENTIALS?



THIS MUST BE THE PODIUM.



FIRST OF ALL I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY THAT WE DON'T APPROVE OF YOU PEOPLE BEING HERE IN OUR CITY!



YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A PACK OF SHIFTLESS LIARS AND FREELoadERS!

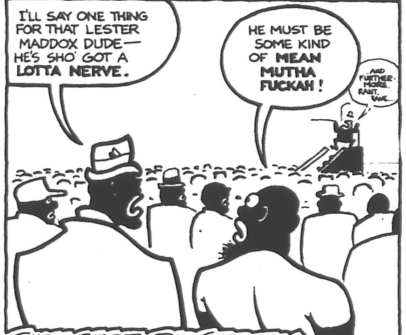


THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE IF YOU ALL WOULD JUST HOP ON A BOAT AND GO BACK TO WHEREVER YOU CAME FROM!



I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR THAT LESTER MADDOX DUDE — HE'S SHO GOT A LOTTA NERVE.

HE MUST BE SOME KIND OF MEAN MUTHA FUCKA!



SHOULBERT CHESTERTON

HOUSE CALL

by STEPHEN HOWARD, M.D.

Q. My boyfriend likes me to go down on him, and I enjoy it too. But he wants me to swallow the stuff when he comes and this worried me. Is there any harm in it? Could I get pregnant this way?

Q. Last week while blowing my boyfriend he came in my mouth and I swallowed it. I enjoyed this very much and would like to do it again but I've heard swallowing sperm can cause damage to the body. I've heard the same thing about anal intercourse. Can either of these cause any damage? Thanks.

Q. I am a gay boy and take the receptive role in anal intercourse. In my stool the "morning after" I generally pass a small amount of blood. Is this something to worry about, or just a result of internal hemorrhoids? (There are no external hemorrhoids visible.)

What are the long range possible effects, if any, regarding rectal or prostate damage?

A. Semen is composed of sperm, water, protein, some sugars, and traces of minerals and harmless epithelial cells. The sperm is made up mainly of protein. All of these are the common elements of ordinary foodstuffs. When swallowed, they are broken down and digested just as a bite of food would be, and are not harmful in any way.

The sperm are, of course, the cells which unite with the female ovum to produce pregnancy. These are rapidly destroyed by the stomach acids. In any case there is no connection between the digestive and reproductive systems, and so it is absolutely impossible to become pregnant in this way.

Swallowing semen is a fairly common practice by both men and women, and no harm has ever been known to come of it.

Blood in the stool after anal intercourse could be a result of internal hemorrhoids, or of a painless rectal fissure (this would be unusual), or stretching if you are relatively new to this form of sex play, or it could also be simple bruising if your partner is particularly vigorous or somewhat rough. It doesn't sound like anything serious, but a check-up wouldn't hurt.

Long-range effects may or may not occur. When they do, they usually consist of hemorrhoids or loosening of the anal sphincter (the muscles controlling the anus). I know of no danger of prostate damage.

One danger of this form of intercourse is the possibility of rectal V.D., both gonorrhea and syphilis. This is a real danger because there are usually no symptoms. Know thy partner.

Q. We are expecting a baby soon and would like to know your opinion on circumcision. It is usually recommended as a hygienic measure for the male — in addition we have heard that there is some correlation found between women with cervical cancer and uncircumcised husbands. Also we have heard arguments both ways concerning the effects of the foreskin on the pleasure of sexual intercourse for both the man and the woman.

How much of this information is myth and what do you recommend?

A. Hygiene is made easier in the circumcised male, because of the tendency to collection of dirt and smegma — a cheesy substance secreted by the glands in the head of the penis — under the foreskin. This can be taken care of by careful cleaning, but that is not always easy, especially in the child. The uncircumcised male also runs some danger of phimosis, a very uncomfortable tightening of the foreskin. Another consideration is that cancer of the penis is almost unknown among the circumcised.

The correlation between cervical cancer and uncircumcised husbands is a medically proven fact, first discovered when statistics showed that the wives of Jewish men had an extremely low rate of this form of cancer. This may also be due to the hygiene of the penis.

Another advantage of circumcision is that certain venereal diseases, notably syphilis and chancroid, are much more easily spotted in the early stages.

I know of no disadvantages. It was thought for a long time that circumcision decreased the sensitivity of the head of the penis. However, Masters and Johnson did extensive neurological testing, and failed to find any differences in sensitivity between circumcised and uncircumcised men. The circumcised can now stand proudly erect, heads held high.

Q. You said something in a recent column about "If there are good reasons to stop smoking grass, narcotics addiction is not one of them." Do you know any good reasons to stop?

A. It's illegal.

Drug Addicts?
AVATAR Addicts?

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Sat. Apr. 25th 8p.m.

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HEROIN=AMERIKA

by ROGER C. BACON

It seems that every day when I am listening to the radio or reading the newspaper or watching the TV, I am enlightened with knowledge concerning the great heroin problem in Amerika, how it's use is mushrooming in every social class and in every neighborhood. Right now, regardless where you live, your next door neighbor could very well be filling his or her veins with smack.

structive and criminal life style and helps him to function through a form of psychological treatment. But is this the best way to help these junkies who want out?

Let us look at junk and how it effects the body of a human being. When somebody gets strung out, his metabolism gets messed up so he must keep shooting shit to keep up with the metabolic rate. When somebody wants to clean up, the metabolism must regulate itself causing ex-



It seems that every day, when I am listening to the radio or reading the newspaper or watching the TV, I am enlightened with the words of Dr. Leon Wurmser of the Johns Hopkins Drug Abuse Center and his colleagues around the city concerning the lack of interest from our law makers, who yell and scream about the rising rate of heroin addiction while thinking up good excuses for cutting the funds to the already poor treatment programs.

Dr. Wurmser has been pleading with these lawmakers to aid his program and those around the city but to no avail. Already plagued with a very skimpy budget where most of the money is spent in urine analysis to make sure an ex-junkie is staying clean and educational purposes that seem to expand the problem rather than curb it, any cut in funds will probably destroy any hope there seems to be in cleaning this city of junk.

If these hospital programs fail, the junkie wishing to clean himself up would have to enter into methadone treatment where he will be given methadone, an addictive drug in itself to fill the gap smack creates in the body. Methadone is not a cure. It substitutes one drug with another but takes him out of the self-de-

treame pain and withdrawal. Not many junkies taking the cure stay clean, which must mean the treatment being used is not too effective.

So if you are really uptight about smack, don't look to the man for a solution for they encourage the use of this drug even with all their words about its alarming widespread use. They even fought a war over smack. In the latter part of the 19th century, the English were shipping opium into China and when the Chinese people got together to stop the poisoning of their society, the great English Commonwealth waged war and finally killed the Chinese drive to keep free of opium and its ghastly effects. Get together with your brothers and sisters and collectively push smack into the ocean forever along with those who are all mouth and no action concerning mankind's deformities.

Remember, the people trying to sell you smack are pigs. Call them pigs. We can beat dealers by not buying their ware. This means not buying their grass or acid or whatever they try to push off on you. Don't buy anything from those who try to sell you smack! In Ann Arbor, our brothers and sisters are already stomping their asses. Do it!

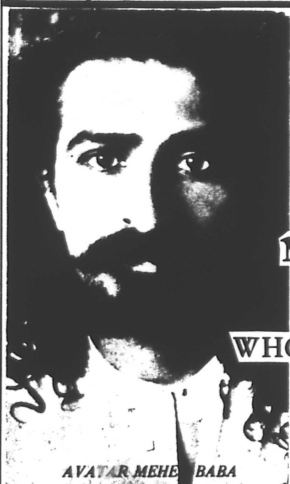
Poison the state... not your bodies.

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AVATAR MEHER BABA

WHAT WE FINALLY SEEK TO DO IS TO CREATE AN ENVIRONMENT WHICH WORKS SO WELL WE CAN RUN WILD IN IT

reprinted from the *Holocene Gazette & Country Traveller*

THE WILDSNESS PROJECT EARTH FREE TERRITORY

(The following statement was originally entitled *Four Changes* and published as an anonymous work in progress by some California ecologists. We have retained the original title and have proposed another, complementary, vision towards a VERMONT FREE TERRITORY.)

I. POPULATION

THE CONDITION

Position: Man is but a part of the fabric of life — dependent on the whole fabric for his very existence. As the most highly developed tool-using animal, he must recognize that the unknown evolutionary destinies of other life forms are to be respected, and act as gentle steward of the earth's community of being.

Situation: There are now too many human beings, and the problem is growing rapidly worse. It is potentially disastrous not only for the human race but for most other life forms.

**Goal:* The goal would be half of the present world population or less.

ACTION

Social/Political: Begin a massive effort to control the people of the world that the problem is severe. And all that talk about raising food production — well intentioned as it is — simply puts off the only real solution: population reduction. Demand legislation of abortion and make it free. Free distribution and application of all birth control information and methods. Take a vigorous stand against the policies of all institutions that exercise an irresponsible social force in regard to this question; oppose and correct simple-minded boosterism that equates population growth with continuing prosperity. Work ceaselessly to have all political questions seen in the light of this prime problem. Oppose, on the other hand, all coercive government programs! Insist that all solutions be voluntaristic at the level of the immediate community in context of the local ecology.

The community: Explore other social structures and marriage forms, such as group marriage and polyandrous marriage, which provide family life but may produce less children. Share the pleasure of raising children widely, so that all need not directly reproduce to enter into this basic human experience. We must hope that no one woman would give birth to more than one child, during this period of crisis. Adopt children. Let reverence for life and reverence for the feminine mean also a reverence for other species, and future human lives, most of which are threatened.

Our own heads: "I am a child of all life, and all living beings are my brothers and sisters, my children and grandchildren. And there is a child within me waiting to be brought to birth, the baby of a new and wiser self." Love, love-making, men and women together, seen as the vehicle of mutual realization, where the creation of new selves and a new world of being is as important as reproducing our kind.



II. POLLUTION

THE CONDITION

Position: Pollution is of two types. One sort results from an excess of some fairly ordinary substance — smoke, or solid waste — which cannot be absorbed or transmuted rapidly enough to offset its introduction into the environment, thus causing changes the great cycle is not prepared for. (All organisms have wastes and by-products, and these are indeed part of the total biosphere: energy is passed along the line and reflected in various ways, "the rainbow body.") This is cycling, not pollution! The other sort is powerful modern chemicals and poisons, products of technology, which the biosphere is totally unprepared for. Such is DDT and similar chlorinated hydrocarbons — nuclear testing fallout and nuclear waste — poison gas, germ and virus storage and leakage by the military; and chemicals which are put into food, whose long-range effects on human beings have not been properly tested.

Situation: The human race in the last century has allowed its production and scattering of wastes, by-products, and various chemicals to become excessive. Pollution is directly harming life on the planet: which is to say, ruining the environment for all life. We are fouling our air and water, and living in noise and filth that no "animal" would tolerate, while advertising and politicians try and tell us we've never had it so good. The dependence of the modern governments on this kind of untried leads to shameful mind-pollution: mass media and most school education.

Goal: Clean air, clean clear-running rivers, the presence of Pelican and Osprey and Gray Whale in our lives; salmon and trout in our stream; clear language and good dreams.

Our own heads: Part of the trouble with talking about DDT is that the use of it is not just a practical device, it's almost an established religion. There is something in Western culture that wants to totally wipe out creepy-crawlers, and feels repugnance for lizards and snakes. This is fear of one's own deepest nature: inner-self wilderness areas, and the answer is, relax. Relax around bugs, snakes, and your own hairy dreams. Again, farmers can hurt should share their crops with a certain percentage of bug life as "paying their dues." Thoreau says: "How then can the harvest fail? Shall I not rejoice also at the abundance of the seeds whose seeds are the granary of the birds? It matters little comparatively whether the fields fill the farmer's barns. The true husbandman will come from anxiety, as the squirrel manifest no concern whether the woods will bear chestnuts this year or not, and finish his labor with every day, relinquish all claim to the produce of his labor, and sacrificing in his mind not only his first but his last fruits also." In the realm of thought, inner experience, consciousness, as in the outward realm, there is a difference between balanced cycle, and the excess which cannot be handled. When the balance is right, the mind recycles from highest illumination to the stillness of dreamless sleep; the alchemical "transmutation."

ACTION

Social/Political: Ban DDT and related poisons immediately. Expose those scientists, and pesticide industry, and the agribusiness who are trying to block this demand. Demand the immediate cessation of all pollution by industry — "Pollution is someone's profit." Phase out the internal combustion engine and fossil fuel use in general — more research into non-polluting energy sources: solar energy; the tides. Tell the truth about atomic waste disposal: it's impossible to do it safely. Stop all germ and chemical warfare research and experimentation; work toward a hopefully safe disposal of the present staggering and stupid stockpiles of H-Bombs, cobalt gunk, germ and poison tanks and cans. End the wasteful use of paper, etc. which adds to the solid waste of cities — develop methods of recycling solid urban waste. Recycling should be the basic principle behind all waste-disposal thinking. Thus, all bottles should be reusable; old cans should make more cans; old newspapers back into newsprint again. Many of the commercial foods are now poisoned by chemical additives — Demand organic foods! A shift toward more varied and sensitive type of agriculture (more small scale and subsistence farming) would eliminate much of the call for blanket use of pesticides.

The community: DDT and such; don't use them. Air pollution: use less cars. Cars pollute the air, and one or two people riding lonely in a huge car is an insult to intelligence and the Earth. Share rides, legalize hitch-hiking, and build hitch-hiker waiting stations along the highways. Soon we must do away with highways and cars altogether. Maybe some new combination of horses and monorails. Also — a step toward the new world — walk more; look for the best routes through beautiful countryside for long-distance walking trips. Learn how to recycle all your wastes. Solid waste: boycott bulky wasteful Sunday papers which use up trees. It's all just advertising anyway, which is artificially inducing needless consumption. Support handcrafts, gardening, home-brew, midwifery, herbs — all the things that can make us independent, beautiful and whole. Learn to break the habit of unnecessary possessions — a monkey everybody's back, but avoid a self-abnegating anti-jovious self-righteousness. Simplicity is light, carefree, neat and loving — not a self-punishing ascetic trip. Don't shoot a tree if you don't know how to use all the meat and preserve that which you can't eat, to tan the hide and use the leather — to use it all, with gratitude, right down to the sinew and hair. Simplicity and mindfulness in diet is a starting point for many people.

III. CONSUMPTION

THE CONDITION

Position: Everything that lives eats food, and is food in turn. This complicated animal, man, rests on a vast and delicate pyramid of energy-transformations. To grossly use more than you need, to destroy, is biologically unsound. Most of the production and consumption of modern societies is not necessary or conducive to spiritual and cultural growth, let alone survival; and is behind much greed and envy, age-old causes of social and international discord.

Situation: Man's careless use of "resources" and his total dependence on certain substances such as fossil fuels (which are being exhausted, slowly but certainly) are having harmful effects on all the other members of the life-network. The complexity of modern technology renders whole populations vulnerable to the deadly consequences of the loss of any one key resource. Instead of independence we have over-dependence on life-giving substances such as water, which we squander. Many species of animals and birds have become extinct in the service of fashion fads — or fertilizer or industrial oil — the soil is being used up; in fact mankind has become a locust-like blight on the planet that will leave a bare cupboard for its own children — all the while in a kind of Addict's Dream of affluence, comfort, eternal progress — using his science to destroy the planet in exchange for consumer junk he doesn't need.

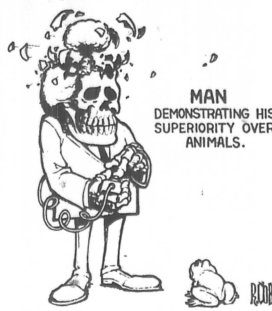
Goal: Balance, harmony, humility, growth which is a mutual growth with Redwood and Quail (would you want your child to grow up without ever hearing a wild bird) — to be a good member of the great community of living creatures. True alliance is not needing anything.

ACTION

Social/Political: It must be demonstrated ceaselessly that a continually "growing economy" is not only unhealthy, but a cancer on the planet. And that the "animal which is allowed in the name of competition" — especially that ultimate in wasteful needless competition, hot wars and cold wars between us and all of the modern bureaucratic and hierarchical nation-states — must be halted totally with ferocious energy and decision. Economics must be seen as a small sub-branch of ecology, and production/distribution/consumption handled by small communities of people with the same elegance and sparseness one sees in nature. Open space; phase out logging in most areas. Pro-sound environment! No zoos or Nazi-type experimentation on their bodies in the name of science. Demand the International Whaling Commission which is selling out the last of our precious, wise whales! Absolutely no further development of roads and concessions in National Parks and Wilderness areas; let the whole of the planet grow wild again. End the consumer society and get rid of the unnecessary products. Radical Co-ops. Blast the myths of progress and all crude notions of conquering or controlling nature.

The community: Sharing and creating. The inherent aptness of communal life — where large tools are owned jointly and used efficiently. Recycling clothes and equipment. Support handicrafts, gardening, home-brew, midwifery, herbs — all the things that can make us independent, beautiful and whole. Learn to break the habit of unnecessary possessions — a monkey everybody's back, but avoid a self-abnegating anti-jovious self-righteousness. Simplicity is light, carefree, neat and loving — not a self-punishing ascetic trip. Don't shoot a tree if you don't know how to use all the meat and preserve that which you can't eat, to tan the hide and use the leather — to use it all, with gratitude, right down to the sinew and hair. Simplicity and mindfulness in diet is a starting point for many people.

Our own heads: It is hard to even begin to gauge how much a complication of possessions, the notions of "my and mine" stand between us and a true, clear, liberated way of seeing the world. To live lightly on earth, to be aware and alive, to be free of egotism, to be in contact with plants and animals, starts with simple concrete acts. The inner principle is the insight that we are interdependent energy-fields of great potential wisdom and compassion — expressed in each person as a superb mind, a handsome and complex body, and the almost magical capacity of language. To these potentials and capacities, "owning things" can add nothing of authenticity.



IV. TRANSFORMATION

THE CONDITION

Position: Everyone is the result of four forces: the conditions of this known world (matter/energy forms and ceaseless change); the biology of his species; his individual genetic heritage and the culture he's born into. And that the animal which is allowed in the name of competition — especially that ultimate in wasteful needless competition, hot wars and cold wars between us and all of the modern bureaucratic and hierarchical nation-states — must be halted totally with ferocious energy and decision. Economics must be seen as a small sub-branch of ecology, and production/distribution/consumption handled by small communities of people with the same elegance and sparseness one sees in nature. Open space; phase out logging in most areas. Pro-sound environment! No zoos or Nazi-type experimentation on their bodies in the name of science. Demand the International Whaling Commission which is selling out the last of our precious, wise whales! Absolutely no further development of roads and concessions in National Parks and Wilderness areas; let the whole of the planet grow wild again. End the consumer society and get rid of the unnecessary products. Radical Co-ops. Blast the myths of progress and all crude notions of conquering or controlling nature.

Situation: Civilization is a manifestation of the city, what we begin to understand as ecological catastrophe. We are learning that civilized life isn't good for the human gene pool. Hence we must change the very foundation of our society and our minds.

Goal: We seek an epochal and total transformation as a minimum project. What we envision is a planet on which the human population lives harmoniously with itself and all the other life forms by employing a decentralized and miniaturized eco-technology coupled with a rebirth of the tribal, primitive-unitary society and the both of them integrated into the wild environment. An Earth Free Territory. Specific points in this vision:

- A healthy and sparse population of all races, much less than in number today.
- Cultural and individual pluralism, unified by common dedication to the organic environment. No need for any central governments.
- A technology of communication, education, and quiet transportation, and using being sensitive to the properties of each region. Allowing, thus, the Bison to return to much of the high plains. Careful

but intensive agriculture in the great alluvial valleys; deserts and forests left wild for those who roam there.

- A basic cultural outlook and social organization that can and will liberate the human imagination, one that inhibits power and proper seeking, encourages exploring exploration and challenge in things like music, meditation, mathematics, mountaineering, magic, and all other authentic *being-in-the-world*. Women totally free and equal. A new kind of family — responsible, but more festive and relaxed — is implicit.

ACTION

Social/Political: Work for the dissolution of all centralized social and technological consolidations into their organic and ecological elements. Dissolve the city and the nation-state. We must dismantle and dissolve, by any means necessary, the whole of hierarchical centralized government and corporate industry. In the process we must liberate science in the service of a wild planet and develop a new miniaturized eco-technology for what small tool production we will desire. Re-member we are involved in a revolution of consciousness as well as a total and uncompromising social transformation. Seek to seize the key images, myths, archetypes, eschatologies, and esthetics. Realize life isn't worth living unless one's on the transforming energies' side.

The community: Walking in the woods and cleaning up the streets. Find psychological techniques for creating an awareness of self which includes the social and natural environment. "Consideration of what specific language forms — symbolic systems — and social institutions constitute obstacles to ecological awareness." Let no one be ignorant of the facts of biology and related disciplines, bring up our children as part of the wild-life. Some communities can establish themselves in back country and rural areas and flourish — others maintain themselves in urban centers and the two types work together — A two-way flow of experience, people, and home-grown vegetables. Ultimately cities need not exist at all. Investigating new lifestyles is our work, as is the exploration of Ways to explore our inner realms. Master the archaic and the primitive as models of basic nature-related ecures — as well as the most imaginative extensions of science — and build a community where these two vectors cross. Politics, in its old sense, has nothing to do with human community. Insist that all solutions to our crisis be situated at the level of the

self and the immediate community on a co-operative basis with other selves and communities. Any and all government solutions, conversely, will only make matters worse. What we must keep in mind is that the government-corporate-military axis is the major polluter and corruptor of our natural environment. Although each of us will have to change ourselves to achieve the transformation, still, we will not solve the problem until we get rid of the major ecologically destructive constructs. Therefore refuse to support or participate in any government sponsored projects, candidates, or mandates with the exception of those which grant more personal freedom. Don't be afraid to tell the armies, the governments, the corporations, and the courts to do the planet a favor and disappear.

Our own heads: The sensuous conquest of the present is where it starts. Knowing that we have a good deal of man's previous experience and culture available to our study, and the possibility of being free enough of the weight of traditional cultures to seek out a larger identity. The first members of a civilized society since the early neolithic to wish to look clearly into the eyes of the wild and see our self-hood, our family there. We have these advantages to set off the obvious disadvantages of being as repressed and submissive as we are — which gives a fair chance to overcome our mis-education and penetrate some of the riddles of ourselves and the universe. We may now propose an, entirely new vision for ourselves. We may think of mankind as that part of the planet and organic evolution which wishes to be conscious of itself. It is like giving to us to be the eyes and mind of cosmic adventure. We look upon the other plants and animals as our brother and sister hands, fur, feet, ears, and myriad voices. We are becoming whole again. And now, what we finally seek to do is to create, or more precisely *recreate*, an environment which works so well we can run wild in it.



"Like the president said, we all have to keep things a little cleaner"

WE MUST DISMANTLE & DISSOLVE, BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY, THE WHOLE OF CENTRALIZED GOVERNMENT & CORPORATE INDUSTRY

EARTH DAY

- APRIL 22

by Tom Saunders

The ecology issues that will be central and the events surrounding Earth Day, April 22 are presently being fought on several separate yet inter-related planes. Many groups such as Whole Earth people are attempting to establish a human, personal link with nature. They realize that the foods we are being sold in the supermarkets are loaded with poisons, and that for the sake of appearance more and more foods have the nutrients removed and then are inadequately enriched. They are fighting the artificial nature of our food, our living arrangements and our sensitivity. If we carefully examine this aspect of the issue we will find it integral to our analysis because people are being poisoned and starved of nutrients for economic reasons, i.e., the corporations make more profit that way.

Poor people are the ones who suffer most, buying the foods pushed at them through the mass media — often tasting good but utterly useless for growing children. Things are so bad in America that nutrition classes teaching people that soybeans contain twice the protein values of meat at 1/4 to 1/8 the price at best are revolutionary and conspiratorial actions. Just ask the meat packing industry.

Ecology issues are also being approached from the social angle by a wide conglomerate of groups fighting for conservation of natural areas, dissemination of birth control information, abatement of air and water pollution, etc. Hopefully the formation of co-ordinating centers such as the Ecology Web (315 E. 25th St.) will tie these groups into a more com-

plete struggle and analysis. Some people at Ecology Web feel that groups have a tendency to "grab one thing" such as pollution and fail to realize the entire picture, "the quality of life."

Strip-mining, lumbering at water-shed areas, pollution of our water-table, etc., are all further indicators of how the system of "private property" has ignored the

ter how far he runs from the urban crisis.

But many have noted that even the staunchest supporters of the status quo are taking up the ecology cry. Ecology articles decrying pesticide usage make the front page while on page eleven buried in a Montgomery Ward ad the Vietnam war gradually drifts into eternal B-52 sorties. And if you read carefully you might have

of life. This means that poverty, war and racism are a part of the whole. When we realize ecology as meaning "quality of life" for every human being, then Earth Day becomes in indictment of the whole American life-style.

The actions listed below on or about April 22 are seen as ways to begin creating new forms of struggle and understanding. Do it.

Baltimore Gas & Electric - April 20 - 25th.

The massive air pollution by Baltimore Gas & Electric Co. (197,000 tons in 1969) and the projected plans for a nuclear plant at Calvert Cliffs have made it a symbolic target for demonstrations. Citizens are asked to call in and fill the switchboards during these days.

A-PAC (Anti-Pollution Action Committee) also will attend, with voting proxies the stockholders meeting of Baltimore Gas & Electric April 24th. A-PAC invites all people to walk, hitch-hike, (anything but drive) from 2525 Maryland Ave. at 11:00 to the main office of Baltimore Gas & Electric downtown. They will be presented an award for being the worst polluter of the year. Bring gas masks and similar paraphernalia.

April 22 - Teach-ins will be held on campuses and in schools. Call 235-8310 to locate the talks nearest to you.

April 25 - The Sierra Club is organizing a clean-up at the Lake Roland area from 9am till dark. Come prepared to work for an hour or all day at the Dam in Robert Lee Park or the marsh at the northern end. Call FO7-3128 for further information.



social needs of our people. These issues could provide the message to America of the deeper socio-economic foundations of the eco-crisis. Increasing discoveries of long term effects of the poisons in our food and water will create crisis. Not even the most self-complacent suburban can escape breathing or drinking no-mat-

found a recent announcement by a highly respected science group that fears our use of herbicides in Vietnam is causing birth defects, sterilizing Vietnamese farm lands and destroying her jungles. The effects may be irreversible.

But ecology is not pollution abatement, alone. It is about the "wholeness"

BENEFIT TO CREATE AN UNDERGROUND SWITCHBOARD!



6 PM.-MIDNIGHT

Corpus Christi Church

SUNDAY, APRIL 26

\$1.50

Featuring

AMES OAKS

AUBREY CIRCLE

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CALHOUN

HOWDY DOODY

JOSHUA

COME TOGETHER RIGHT NOW

reprinted from *Green Revolution*

by H. Lawrence Lack

If there is any one social trend that constitutes a serious threat to the deathgame of mainstream politics and culture it is the growth of communes in America.

Communal living is a central thread, a commitment, that consciously and unconsciously binds a great diversity of people and gives a common touchstone, a common context, to the lives of tens of thousands of us who are trying to live a new social order into being, to make a new world with our lives.

Communal life erodes the basic evil of the old world order, the coercive power of huge institutions and their centralized, standardized culture over individuals who are calculatingly isolated from their brothers and sisters and who are driven by fear into living for the sake of death-dealing systems.

The growth of communes has been haphazard and chancy, and this has ensured spontaneity and resiliency. But as the essentials of communitarianism emerge into the light the fact that we are subversives is bound to come out too, and there is going to be trouble. So every person who lives in a commune or who takes any serious steps toward a cooperative pattern of living should, in his or her own way, be getting up for struggle. Nothing comes free, and least of all a better way to live. All history says the price of that has been beyond what man would pay.

The death systems of the modern world won't go out like lambs and we are foolish if we underestimate the sacrifices that we'll have to make and that lots of people are already making. Right now if you look at the targets of the repression that may auge a fullscale wave of totalitarian fascism in America, you see the communal life is a common feature of those targets. Of course the empire responds most viciously to bold and militant revolutionary politics. But what has happened to the Black Panthers has a great deal more to teach.

The Panthers are into getting powerless people together, to uniting the victims of U.S. "society" to find strength — economic, political, psychological, cultural, all kinds of strength — in each other. This, to the old order, is hardcore heresy. It is not an accident that Panther headquarters throughout the U.S., including the one in Chicago where Fred Hampton was killed, are informal communes in their way of functioning. The "collectives" of the "Weatherman" faction of SDS have also been singled out and subjected to pogroms.

You need not agree with Panther politics or Weatherman analysis to understand the larger meaning of what's happened to these groups.

To anyone with eyes to see the times are full of signs. The Manson case for one — it bears unmistakable signs of an ensuing inquisition aimed at the "hippie cults." Retreat from politics, something in which a good many communes have indulged can do nothing but harm, for it disarms that thinking of its adherents and blinds them to the danger they are in as the

circle of repression widens to include not just the militants, but everyone who dares to deny the isolation he is ordered and conditioned to accept. Leaving politics behind in fact encourages repression, openly invites it by the defenselessness it fosters. The New Age price for liberty is still eternal vigilance.

Every cooperative community lives under the gun. The gun shoots a variety of stuff. The old order shoots some people dead with bullets, but it needs people to keep itself going so it mixes terrorism with false counsel. They want us back in the fold.

We dropouts are bullheaded though; most of us won't go back. And there is a challenge so basic that it almost guarantees reprisals. It's insidious what we do, luring kids into the net of human solidarity, and we are asking for it, and getting it.

Communes all around the country are getting the search-and-destroy treatment. There are strong parallels between what's happening to us and what's been happening to

various black groups in deep south states for the out-front purpose of intimidating these cooperative communities. They plan to enforce access "rights," to close roads and cut off water — and they say this openly and with impunity.

MORNING STAR

A recent issue of San Francisco's "Good Times" carries the story of Morning Star, one of the pioneer rural communes. The guiding philosophy of Morning Star was open access to the use of land: "Private ownership of land is original sin," the commune told the world. "As more and more folks arrived," says "Good Times," "Sonoma County (Calif.) started a broad-based policy of repression, including a punitive and discriminatory enforcement of the health and building codes. A temporary injunction required the tearing down of the community kitchen and dining room. We fed as many as 150 souls on homegrown and donated food out of that kitchen. (Didn't bigtime repression of the Panthers start right after they started the breakfast program for schoolkids? — LL) Names

communal life to take root and multiply, to be available to everyone (even the present commune-killers), if we want the chance to fructify the world we had better think and learn more about nurturing, husbanding, protecting our communal homes and way of life.

Practically I think this may mean more cooperation among us. The English commune movement is building a Federation. It's carefully designed to have no powers except those mutually agreed on and delegated by member groups and its functions go far beyond mutual defense against repression — it provides seed money to new communes, exchanges information, and does lots of other things.

Serious thought might profitably be given to planned clustering of communes. Northern California has lots of communes, but their relative density has not been nearly enough to prevent two dozen or more Morning Star type tragedies. Communes should look around them for land and houses suitable for other groups to use. They should look for groups of people who might want to use these sites.

happened there, especially in Taos County. The style of the concentration, however, has offended and alienated the native Spanish people of the area because the communal immigrants knew very little of social conditions in their adopted home, nor did they know its history or its language. And they've made, for the most part, no attempt to open their lands to use by their dispossessed neighbors, from whom the choicest lands in the area were stolen in the last century by bigtime Texas gunmen.

As a result, the new communists and their Spanish neighbors, natural allies because both advocate the opening of presently monopolized lands held fallow or for grazing by imperialist speculators, are at each others' throats. Hippies and chicanos have taken up arms against each other in extreme cases and silent, festering suspicion is the rule. Nothing could please the Establishment interests, to whom New Mexico has always been a colony, more than this situation, wherein the victims of the system do the system's dirty work by participating in each other's enslavement.

A politics geared to the growth and eventual dominance of the commune movement would have to avoid the possibility of helpless isolation on dependent reservations — again the lessons of the red man's struggle. The best method of avoiding this is keeping the movement open, reaching out, constantly seeking contact with non-communal neighbors and drawing more and more "straight" folks into the network of advantages that accrue from cooperation.

MUTUAL STRENGTH

Combines of communes have to develop mutual strength of all kinds. In politics this means readiness to act in defense of one's neighbors' homes as well as one's own, to mount direct action and information campaigns, to steal the initiative

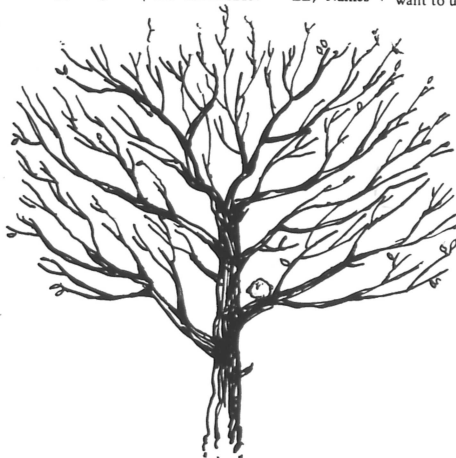
from the old order by dispelling myths and lies before they can take hold. By seeking allies and by making friends, by sharing our vision, our techniques, and our resources as widely as possible, we can win. Most of us are not doing this now. We live in a dream world, and we'd better wake up and get down to it.

The more conscious we are, the better our chances. House built on sand don't stand, the storms will come no matter how much we don't want them to, and we should be ready or we won't get through. We have to keep our eyes open to what's happening to our brothers in other cooperative communities and reach out to them; their strength is our strength. We ought to know what we're into and know that we're into it together.

A number of people have advanced the idea of "taking over" whole counties and even states by our sheet numbers. The Woodstock gathering was ample evidence that the "counter-culture" has attracted immense numbers of seekers, a great many of whom are out to forge a new way of life based on love, closeness, and cooperation. A fraction of Woodstock could — barring outside intervention — control all of Nevada, for example.

When we are looking for a place to settle down we ought to be careful, to get past all the casual crashpad thinking of "well, this'll do for awhile," and the resignation that implies. We ought to dig in like we mean it, and this should mean knowing the demography, the politics, the human territory of where we're looking as well as we should know it's physical and natural character.

Communal developments in New Mexico are most instructive. Serious concentration of communes has



the American Indians ever since Columbus; you don't have to kill all the people you want out of your way, you just have to kill their way of life.

The scenario has many variants. Both "legitimate" violence (police, courts, state and county administrative authorities, the perogatives of landlords, parents, and the like) and private violence, generally condoned and unchecked by the law, are widespread. This past summer cracker vigilantes, some alcoholics and some fundamentalists burned down, or attacked, a good number of communes in the South. These incidents were generally unreported in the press and knowledge of them was passed by word of mouth. Minutemen attacked the New England Committee for Nonviolent Action farm in Voluntown, Conn., some months back. An attempt is being made to zone the cooperative village of Canyon, Calif., out of existence. The KKK is buying up land around the farms which have been purchased of late by

were taken by sheriff's deputies and the first arrests were made in the autumn of 1967 . . .

The tale goes on. Arrests totaling over 50, fines over \$15,500. No one "allowed" on the land except host Lou Gottlieb. A refuge developed at a second site nearby gets similar treatment. Finally the county levels all Morning Star buildings — "houses, barn, garage, chicken coops, tree house as well as three plum trees and a redwood" — and 25 police of every sort attack the sister farm, interrogating, beating and arresting.

The sad fact is that Morning Star is no isolated incident; in fact it's uncomfortably close to typical. Examples could be cited on and on. Urban communes, which are more numerous but generally no less vulnerable than rural ones, have had their share of the same bit.

In short, the system is trying to destroy communal experiments. It wants to do away with what we're doing. If we want to survive, if we want the revolutionary vision of

WINTERS END: Free the Rock & Roll Six

By Thomas King Forcade

FRINS

The Winter's End rock festival, which took place March 27, 28, and 29 in Orlando, Florida, had to be the most bizarre festival in history. Not only were all the classics of festivaldom there, like the acidfreaked nude girls running through the crowds, the nudes in t-shirts and sunglasses, the mud, the Hog Farm and the getting in free, but Winter's End extended the fringes. Like when the government hired the head of a motorcycle gang to collect their tax lien. Like when the six promoters were arrested for "conspiracy." Like when the crowd freed one arrested youth from 40 policemen, sawed off his handcuffs, and forced the police to leave the grounds.

By all rights, Winter's End should have been a disaster. The three previous festivals in Florida had been, both financially and for the participants. Of the 21 name groups scheduled to appear at Winter's End, only four showed. The site was obtained and announced only two days before the festival began. There was a law against holding the festival, and a political structure eager to enforce it. And before the festival ever began, the promoters were flat broke—finally winding up \$200,000 in the red.

Much of that first money went as advances to groups, and an impressive list it was—Canned Heat, Joe Cocker, Country Joe & The Fish, American Dream, Grand Funk Railroad, Grateful Dead, B.B. King, Richie Havens, Sweetwater, Savoy Brown, Iron Butterfly, Mountain, Kinks, Little Richard, John Mayall, Steve Miller, Stone That Crows, Johnny Winter, Sly & the Family Stone, Allman Brothers, Ten Years After, Buddy Guy and Ike & Tina Turner.

The rest of Shachar's money went for people and advertising. People-wise, Winter's End was Woodstock all over again. Mike Lang and Artie Kornfeld, two of the Woodstock promoters, were paid \$5000 on the hope they could get the Band, Donovan, or Hendrix to play. They didn't. John Morris, formerly of the Fillmore East, handled talent again. Sunny Schnier did the publicity again. Hanley did the sound again. Computicket did the ticketing again. Stan Goldstein, Paul Stange, Chris Langhart, and others were hired to do the stages again. The Hog Farm was hired to do free kitchen, bad trips and community games again. Billy Soza, an Indian, did logistics again. Even Dylan's rumored spectre was there, again. Just like old home week.

The advertising money, as with Woodstock, was put into the underground press and FM "underground" radio. As with Woodstock, they hoped to sell at least 20,000 advance tickets at \$20 each, which would be enough for the final expenses of the festival, particularly the escrow money for the groups. Woodstock, however, had over three months to become a giant snowballing myth. Because of the difficulty finding an investor, Winter's End had less than five weeks of advance advertising and publicity. Then, the postal strike killed the tail end of the advance ticket sales. But more than either of these factors was the conscious identification with Woodstock. The identification went too deep. Everyone expected to get in free, just like Woodstock. Therefore, only 1000 advance tickets sales. And they were right. At least 95% of the audience got in free. Less than 1000 tickets were sold at the gate.

With ticket sales going badly, it became apparent that more money would be needed. The 650 acre bare site in Dade County near Miami required expensive improvement in order to serve sanitation, electricity, roads, fences. At this point, a new set of investors came into the picture, the people approached to build the fence. Their names were Jack and Lou, they wanted to put up \$90,000, and they were a bizarre pair to say the least. They had twin Eldorados and twin desks, in the same office, facing each other. One was an ex-cop, with some 20 years on the force. Both were as hard-assed as they come, but they dug festivals. Scattered around the office were such things as the very latest copy of the Chicago Seed, and Abbie Hoffman's *Woodstock Nation*. They dug the revolution on a power broker level.

After some investigation, they decided the festival needed another \$220,000 beyond the \$110,000 that had been spent so far. "You'll never make it without it, boys," they said. And they were right. They were unsuccessful at raising additional capital, and the festival staggered on. Around the same time, I told Forman and Cohen that if they put the festival on, they would become the first rock and roll promoters to be charged with "conspiracy," the first rock and roll criminals, I called them. Mike Forman, a close friend of Abbie Hoffman of the conspiracy, thought this was very funny, and it became a standing joke. Ha. Ha.

Two weeks before the festival was to begin, the money situation came to a head, and a new promoter was brought in, Stephen Mishory. Mishory, a tall, heavy-set, long-haired, heavily accented Israeli, arranged a loan of \$30,000. At just this time, they lost their site. It was unfortunate, because all the advertising was directing

people to Miami, including thousands of maps which directed people to the old site in Dade County. Further, Mike Forman had gone so far as to shave off his beard to go to a meeting of the Broward County Sheriffs, in order to cool things out on that front.

In Florida, it was seven days before the festival, and there was no site. For the next three days, Florida was crawling with Winter's End promoters, until on Monday, just four days away from the festival, they plugged into James Brown. Brown owned the Econ Ranch, a pretty 110 acre dude ranch, riding stable, and bar complex 15 miles east of Orlando on Highway 50. Brown had guts and was willing to get it on—come Hell, high water, or the Sheriff. All three were to arrive shortly.

Conveniently enough, Brown held an amusement permit, and it was to be the contention of Winter's End that this was broad enough to cover a rock festival. Unfortunately, a law had been passed two weeks earlier in Orange County where the ranch was located, banning rock festivals. A similar law had been ruled unconstitutional in the events leading up to the disastrous Christmas festival in Broward County, but the judge in Orange County was an unknown quantity. It was decided to put the festival on, law or no law.

By Thursday morning the site was crowded with people and more were pouring in hourly. On the other hand, gravel which had been ordered the night before to beef up the internal roads never arrived and all other suppliers were mysteriously "out." Scaffolding ordered as an alternative to a proper stage mysteriously did not appear until Friday night, and required a \$5000 deposit for some \$400 worth of scaffolding.

At the Colonial Plaza Sheraton motel, headquarters for Winter's End, the police had arrived with an injunction to shut the festival down. Someone pointed out Forman near the pool. As they started walking toward him, he started walking away. They walked faster, so he walked faster. Finally, he yelled "Fuck you," gave them the finger and began running. They gave chase, and they went around the pool several times before Forman ran inside his motel room.

The cops promptly broke down the door. Inside, bedlam. Bert Cohen and Jim McDonald were hiding in the bathroom. Pam Forman, Michael's wife, was screaming

at the cops. About two dozen people—cops, lawyers, promoters, cameramen, reporters, aides—were crammed into the tiny motel room, screaming at each other. All the while, the constable was frantically reading the injunction. Into this scene burst lawyer Martin Blitstein, nattily attired in an electric blue jumpsuit, who authoritatively told everyone to Get Out. They did. Blitstein told the constable his injunction was illegal, and to get Out. He did.

Meanwhile, back at the Econ Ranch, the police blocked the entrance with four or five blinking cruisers, turning everyone away, including food, sanitation, and water trucks. Surveying all this was Mishory, in lordly splendor astride a mangy sway-backed white horse he had commandeered somewhere. The 4,000 people already inside the festival didn't care what the cops or the promoters did. They were having a big party.



Like the cavalry in the westerns of my childhood, who should roar up at this time but The Family, a huge Florida commune of 300-400 members, part hippie-part biker, who claimed they had been hired to do security. Cohen made a deal for them to get 20% of the ticket sales, and they were back in business. They, and an associated group of four or five biker gangs loosely commanded by a beautiful cat, name of Captain Marvel, comprised a total of 100 mounted bikers, plus unlimited people on foot. Unlike Altamont, these bikers kept their cool and never laid a hand on anybody. A police sergeant, after being taken on a tour of the festival, said he learned more about security from the festival than he had in 20 years on the force.

As people continued to pour in Friday, so did the goodies to put on the festival. Many of the technicians went without sleep, worked for nothing, and even spent what they brought down with them to keep the show going. 500 volunteers from the audience built the stage, finishing up on Saturday morning, after working all night. No music had yet happened, with the exception of Johnny Winter, who played a fantastic set on the Hog Farm's free stage.

Saturday morning, near noon, as Bert Cohen was being interviewed by ABC newsmen, the police returned with a new injunction. By this time, there were about 40,000 people on the grounds, and they weren't about to move, so Cohen turned to the cameras and said, "What do you want me to do?" Eventually the injunction was officially served, and Cohen obediently asked the police, who had received no orders, to block off the entrance. Only about 5% of the festival goers were coming in there anyway, and the promoters had already resigned themselves to a near-total loss of their investment, so it didn't matter. On the stage, there was no music. I decided to take over. First I convinced the police to open up the entrance again. Then I got volunteers from the audience to do ticketing and security, the bikers to resume doing their thing, and helped restore some semblance of security around the stage and get music onto the stage.

The festival was on and local groups began to play. At least 15 local groups played, with names like Foxx, Peace and Quiet, King James Version, Marshmallow Steam Shovel, and some with no names at all. They were all surprisingly good, much better than the local groups in New York or Detroit—Ann Arbor for example.

Johnny Winter, who rented a plane to get there, played all three nights repeatedly, and absolutely charmed the festival. The Allman Brothers played for nearly two hours on Saturday and left to tremendous applause. On

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Boyle

Sunday, Sweetwater played, as did Johnny Winter, and Mountain laid down a four hour set that blew everybody away. Buddy Guy appeared and offered to play, but through a mixup he was turned away and couldn't get on. All these groups were paid nothing for performing other than their advances. They were all told frankly that there was no money, and they all graciously played anyway. The rest of the groups failed to show for a variety of reasons. Some got caught in the air traffic controllers strike. Others, like Country Joe, feared getting busted. Both Janis Joplin and Jim Morrison have been busted in Florida, home of the decency rallies. Others believed the massive publicity generated by the Florida establishment to the effect that there was no festival. Others didn't come down because the promoters failed to put their money up in escrow, in advance.

Many people paid no attention to the music at all. There were many concessions with their little displays of drooping candles, joss sticks, and brass hash pipes. Hare Krishna types were out in force with their shaved heads and outstretched palms. Some people stayed inside their tents, listening to tapes or the radio. The Hog Farm served thousands of pounds of free food. The bad trip tent was popular, as some strychnine-laced acid turned up in the crowd. The most popular drug, however, was MDA, the so-called love drug. As a result, there was without a doubt more fucking at Winter's End than any festival in history.

Sunday morning, Jim McDonald, hired for security but never paid, and who then decided to work for free because he was "sympathetic," called a meeting in his hotel room, of all the promoters. Saturday, he had told the promoters that they need not worry about being arrested as long as they paid off the local suppliers. Thus, the promoters forgot about the arrest warrants.

About a half hour after they arrived, the police came and arrested Martin Blitstein, Enoch Shachar, Fred L. Wasserman (one of Shachar's patients), Jim Brown, Michael Forman, Bert Cohen, and Stephen Mishory.

The charge was conspiracy, "conspiracy to violate a county ordinance." The anti-rock festival ordinance. And thus my prophecy was fulfilled. The first rock and roll criminals. The first promoters to be charged with conspiracy to rock and roll.

McDonald, who had been trusted so much by everyone as to be the one who kept the money, turned out to be an official representative of the state tax department. As he led them out to the car, he kept saying, "It's better this way, boys." With them out of the way, he made a deal with Captain Marvel, leader of the bikers, to collect the money for the state. The tax people ended up with all the money.

In the jail, the police made the mistake of putting the promoters in a lawyer's consultation cell, which had a phone in it. They immediately started making phone calls, local and long distance, and thereafter the phone was ringing every minute for the duration of their stay.

Between phone calls they busied themselves playing penny football on the table and arguing. Mishory, whose favorite phrase had been, in booming tones, "I own this festival," now disclaimed any connection. Rightly so, as he had withdrawn that day. Forman resigned as vice president of Concert Hall. Jim Brown, very straight and southern, proclaimed that despite everything, he wanted to do it again, but this time he wanted country and western music. Shachar was into revolution, figuring it was a good way to get revenge and make money (?) at the same time. Cohen was writing poetry.

I had already announced that the promoters had been arrested, and other people told the audience to go downtown to the jail and get the promoters out. The roads were packed with thousands, flocking to downtown Miami, in an unsuccessful search for the jail.

Arriving back at Orlando early Monday, I went out to the site and found fewer than a dozen people left. The festival was over. Mountain, Sweetwater, and Johnny Winter had played; by Monday none everyone had faded back into the Florida landscape.

The police had been fairly cool. A few dealers, like the one with kilos in his shopping cart which he was pushing around, had been busted, but the narcs were so obvious and so rare that no one paid any attention. I saw freaks both selling and buying using the stage microphone. Governor Kirk had made his inevitable tour Sunday morning and apparently found nothing worthy of calling the National Guard out over, as he had threatened.

Sunday night, about 40 helmeted police had assembled behind the stage to bust some people. They pulled one sleeping individual off the top of his truck and busted him for trespassing. Trooper lights from the stage were directed onto the cops, and an angry crowd of bikers and hippies surrounded the cops. In the confusion, the arrestee's arm was broken, but he escaped into the safety of the crowd, where someone cut off his handcuffs with a hacksaw. The cops left. They panicked for a second when it was discovered that three of their number were missing, but it was only a miscout, and then they were gone.

Monday morning, the Sheriff ordered the 40 cops into the crowd to start busting people. The cops went into a

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huddle, then presented the Sheriff with a mass resignation. It was decided to search the people as they came out. By this time, only a few thousand people were left, and they had smoked and dropped nearly all they had, so only seven or eight of the most careless dopers were nabbed.

For the audience, the festival was over. For the promoters, it was like a bad STP trip, that just kept going on, an endless bummer. The people who had loaned Stephen Mishory the \$30,000 were very uptight, and had sent down several representatives, who were saying who could and couldn't leave the motel. As I was hanging around the motel waiting for a phone call, suddenly a woman burst into the room yelling, "The cops are back, and they've got warrants for everybody." There was a fellow sitting at the bureau calmly cleaning an ounce of grass and he never looked up. The several people sitting on the bed seemed only mildly interested. I bolted in terror. Outside, there was this incredible scene of people running out of their motel rooms and roaring away in their cars, like some Holiday Inn LeMans start. The cops were just standing there, incredulous. Everyone was yelling, "Run, Stephen, run." Stephen was the only one of the six promoters still around. They got him. The new charge was contempt, and the bail was \$25,000.

The rest of the promoters escaped, with the exception of Wasserman, who had never been bailed out. After removing all Winter's End insignia from my car and all Winter's End materials from the interior, I went back to a secret rendezvous, picked up Michael Forman, and drove him across the state line into Georgia, weaving down the road with exhaustion, trying to be inconspicuous in our bright red Ford, chain smoking joints that wouldn't get us high. We took a plane out of Savannah.

The police say that 200,000 cars drove across their counter on Highway 50. If true, Winter's End may have been even bigger than Woodstock. It was sex, dope, and rock 'n roll versus law 'n order, and it was the wackiest festival ever. I understand they got it all on film and they're making a movie of it. Bert Cohen of Concert Hall says he doesn't mind losing the money, thinks it was a great party, and is proud that so many people turned out. But if the festival was a success, it was due to the beautiful people who attended, and just maybe all that MDA.

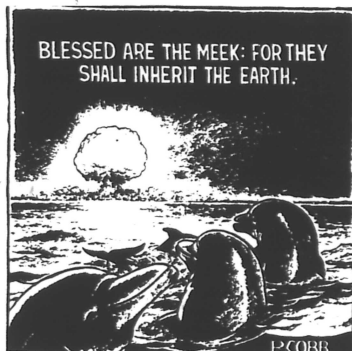
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Army Sitting On Grass Evidence

WASHINGTON, DC. [Intermind] - US Senator Peter H. Dominick, Colorado Republican, charged last Tuesday that the Army has balked at supplying information concerning its use of synthetic marijuana for medical research, according to an article in a recent *Rocky Mountain News*. The accusal came after the National Institute of Mental Health revealed that the Army had conducted such research using human subjects 10 years ago. Dominick has introduced legislation calling for annual reports on marijuana research.

No More Commies?

SAIGON [Reuters] - A Vietnamese Legislator said today that if government figures are to be believed there are no Communists at all left in South Vietnam. Deputy Nguyen Dac Dau told a news conference - called by 16 opposition members to criticize President Thieu's administration - that according to the government the country had 300,000 Communists two years ago. "But now the government says more than 300,000 have been killed by the armed forces, another 100,000 have defected under the open-arms policy and 100,000 are in jail," he said. "So where are there Communists now?" he asked.



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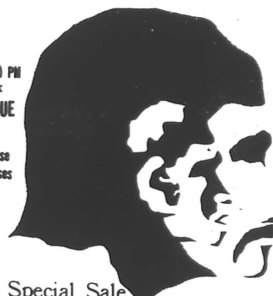
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Film

by Dave Eberhardt

Two huge crowds drew our attention in 1969 — the November 15 March Against Death and Mobilization in Washington, and the three day Festival of Peace and Music in New York state called Woodstock. The very name — Woodstock — grows in the mind as the "great, good, place" where we were all one — 400,000 young people grooving on drugs, music, and mainly each other for three days. "This must be heaven," said one announcer from the Woodstock stage.

"And what rough beast, its hour come round at last
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?" — Yeats

Such poetic lines describe the way you'd be thinking about Woodstock if it weren't heaven, it predicted it, or something important coming. It was a prophetic and religious event — a Mecca to our generation.

The movie now out documenting the festival had a Biblical, epic quality that beats Cecil B. DeMille all to shit, and does suggest paradise or some "new world comin'." As it opens, Canned Heat is playing its airiest number, heads are driving tractors, two old folks pick cucumbers, youth are using their hands to fit the large wooden stage together; you see a postcard scene of a barn over sleepy yellow fields, you bruch through fields of goldenrod.

But as people arrive, the film sinks,

NEW WORLD COMING

until at the end you are left in an infernal sea of trash where two scavenger-like figures are gutting a watermelon, Jimi Hendrix fractures and demolishes the Star Spangled Banner on his electric guitar for the last performance. As you leave the theatre, Crosby, Stills and Nash are playing a relentless, driving song about it all — "Woodstock," by Joni Mitchell. Where did Woodstock take us?

A poem of Gary Snyder's

"In the cross field
all day a new gas cultivator
cough cough down each row
fizzing the soil, fine chopper "friable"
before it was cucumber
the boy in the straw hat
clumsily turns at the end of a run
shifting levers

through deodar limbs comes, the gas fumes

cucumber vines
poles and straw ropes
torn down, two crops a summer

last year the family
was out there with hoes
the old woman dead now?

one-eyed chop tongue rotary
bucks and wheezes,

that straw hat shaped like a stetson
wearing those tight blue jeans"

gives you a similar feeling for this age of transition in which all could go completely bad — he keeps a bright optimism

but there the gas fumes are... creeping in.

The storm passage in the movie gives a mythic impression of impending doom. The crowd chants to stop the rain, as if they could control the very elements but they cannot. "Stay away from the equipment towers," someone shouts. The rock bands amp lights gleam evilly, as if something beside us will have the final say. Yet other scenes portend the opposite — great joy and relaxation comin' — balling in the fields, nude swimming, or Yoga exercises — peace where the lion will lie down beside the lamb — the Port-o-san portable toilet cleaner will lie down beside the rock superstar.

If you were not at Woodstock (nation) you can get some feel for it (and the future) by waiting in line outside the theater. We are a crowd, we are part of one big animal (with media eyes). If there was one good to come from Woodstock this was it — so many people as one — people peaceful and free. As at the Pentagon demonstration in 1967, the fences at Woodstock went down, and soon after the festival began it became, because of the crowd — free. Which the movie is by no means.

But the event attacked the capitalism of maximization of profits — a "loss in the millions." Woodstock organizer Mike Lang tells an interviewer "but — it's happening — that's the important thing." The movie attacks maximization of importance — the groupie rock star cult. Sure the performers get a lot of coverage, but the crowd remains the main star.

Richie Havens gets things moving with "Freedom," a number he also performed for the DC Mobe crowd. It is the kind of music that takes no shit. Other performers lay out some politics — Joan Baez talked of her husband in jail, Country Joe MacDonald sang his "Fixing to die rag"

in honor of the war. Other of the performers were into their usual routines — the Who, crashing and thrashing about — a refined, vocally gifted Crosby-Stills and Nash. Most exciting visually and musically to me were Sly and the Family Stones. Sly took the crowd as he says, higher... and higher. Sha-Na-Na rendered "At the Hop" in their fabulous fifties style. Then the gentle John Sebastian, if there was one performer to sum the scene up — check out his number on the generation gap, and how he ends it.

Woodstock — the film — is very, very rich. It imparts some feeling for the real crowd — balling, smoking, and peaceful — like the DC Mobe crowd dancing in one bit mass to Hair's "Let the sun shine in." The only detractor from the film are the nervous older persons protective of property — like the couple fixing their car, or protective of profits — like the cigarette vendor. The rest of the film, trash aside, is a Utopian vision of what we can do, perhaps with the Hog Farm's help, or as Joe Cocker puts it, "with a little help from my friends."

Our future is increasingly one of the crowd. But then why try to tackle time in this way — to pin it down with phrases like "in our life time" or "generation gap" or "turning point." I mean wait til you see the next festival flick — the Mayles brothers treatment of the killer rock festival at Altamont, California. See? Bad vibes after all? No — just

Go out and be it —
You are the utopia —
I can see it in your eyes.

They are full and green —
A child curls within them
That is

The next you —
The child before you —
Your child coming after.

woodstock

(with a little help from our friends.)



starring joan baez • joe cocker • country joe & the fish • crosby, stills & nash
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Film

by LEN BRADFORD

From its sneering beginning to its value-shattering denouement, John Waters' *Multiple Maniacs* will deliver you a swift kick in your voyeur's mind. The *Magic Christian* attempts, in many ways, to do the same, but then, it presents freaks, and billionaire freaks at that, vs. selfish, "straight," exclusivist society. Unfortunately, only approximately half of Terry Southern's novels' depth ever gets translated into films made from them, even when he himself to such petty and narrow distinctions. Like the best of "camp" satires, *Multiple Maniacs* establishes ironies which operate along a broad front. Everyone is embraced — there is no situation in which there is an "in" group laughing at the "out" group's lack of understanding, this being the simplest form of satire. More ambiguous is the satire which is often directed at one's self or one's peers.

Waters takes on spiritualists, astrologists, Weathermen, potheads, and the concept of "hipness" itself, as well as suburban "straights." I wonder how people from that hip and fashionable audience sincerely reacted to that sort of fun-making? With honest laughter, it seems, just as Waters seems to have expected. One measure of the movie's success is that it elicits laughter where intended — not from merely not knowing how to react, as is often the case in underground films containing such idiosyncratic humor.

The plot, if you can call it that, concerns a "carnival," Lady Divine's Cara-

have you ever killed anybody before?
no, but it would be something new...

cade of Depravity, headed by the obese haridan, Lady Divine, and her harried ring-master and shill, David Lochary. The object is to bring suburbanites in to see the "depravities" *real queers tongue-kiss-ing!* An actual junkie going cold turkey! Lochary's barker's rap is fantastic. And the suburbanites, disgusted as they claim to be, go on in to shriek and gawk. "Well, as long as it's free..." one says, entering. However, the show is a rip-off nonetheless. Lady Divine appears, gun in hand, and the "straights" are robbed, terrorized, and bullied — and one killed. One then begins to realize that this is Lady Divine's thing — she is a sadist, a homicidal maniac, and the remainder of the film is devoted to Divine's attempts to become more and more maniacal. Needless to say, she is tastelessly successful.

Suspense, of a sort, is provided when she decides to do in Lochary (her so-called boyfriend) for running around with Mary Vivian Pearce, a Bette Boop look-alike who has a burning desire to "perform acts" with him. They, in turn, have meanwhile also decided to put Lady Divine away in order to be free of her insanity. "Have you ever killed anybody before?" Lochary asked Mary Vivian. "No, but it would be something new..." She has a mind full of platitudes, and speaks like a careful, if not too bright, nine-year-old.

Along the way, the film offers some pretty hilarious fare, such as Lady Divine's bare-breasted daughter in bed with a supposed Weatherman — with Divine saying, "O, it's so comfortable to know that you Weathermen are out doing your job, protecting all of us back here." Shades of Marine recruitment posters!

Another sequence — the high point of the movie — has Mink Stole giving Lady Divine a "rosary job" (just what it implies in a Fells Point church, couple with scene (printed with washed-out light greys, like an old biblical epic on the TV) from Christ's life. Jesus is played by the beatific George Figgs. The "miracle" of the loaves and the fishes is a religious perversion worthy of Brunel.

Unfortunately, from this zenith, the direction of the film is all downhill. The messy finale is predictable, and seemingly endless. It isn't the gore I mind — we are now immune to that — but being bored is another matter. I had the feeling that Waters had come up against the usual artistic problem of "how am I going to end the goddamn thing," decided to parody a grade Z monster picture, and emphasize the "I cut out her heart and stomped on it" sensationalism. However, Lady Divine merely loses her monumental repulsiveness and becomes ordinarily disgusting. Monsters and massacres are so much a part of our normal entertainment that we approach them as "safe" science-fiction or fantasy and are not affected. Yet Waters is still to be congratulated for some fine camera-work during this sequence (the chase scenes). Local boy makes good. It's amazing what you can learn from those correspondence courses. Many fine old Baltimore monuments from the Fells Point area are depicted: Pete's Bar, glue-sniffing transvestites, row-houses, a cop on the take. Existential realism, indeed. An added touch was added also at the premier. A ticket-holder won the midnight door prize — a Sharon Tate book — and a pound of hamburger. That's some kind of realism also. Mink, where are you now? I wonder what a rosary job is really like...

THEATER

CONTROVERSIAL PLAYS
AT CENTER STAGE?

by Len Bradford

Well, gosh and golly, Center Stage has finally produced some plays which have aroused some minor controversy among their normally lethargic audience. Baltimore's largest legitimate theater has never been highly experimental — they cannot afford to be so in a subscriber-supported theater. Good ol' Baltimore does not take too kindly to new-fangled ideas. Yet *The Indian Wants The Bronx* and *The Gnadiges Fraulein* were "daring" in only a few minor ways, differing only slightly from Center Stage's ordinarily "safe" fare. However, I was surprised myself at the emphasis placed, even by critics in other papers, on how shocked they were by the "extreme violence" in the plays — to the exclusion of any intelligent commentary on the plays themselves. One wonders if these people ever go to films, or read newspapers (!), or see any Elizabethan drama, for that matter.

Israel Horowitz's *The Indian Wants The Bronx* depicts the meeting of Gupta (Christopher Johnson), an East Indian who speaks no English, with two New York City toughs, Joey (Ian Tucker) and Murph (Glen Walker), at a bus stop on upper Fifth Avenue. The ensuing attempts at communication only lead to extreme frustration which in turn leads to violence. Sure, it's gratuitous violence, senseless violence — but not unrealistic — since senseless, gratuitous violence is no stranger to New York bus stops.

The play itself, however, is weak. It has no motion, hardly, and even the respectable performances offered by the three members of the cast cannot bring it to life.

The Gnadiges Fraulein, by Tennessee Williams, is an entirely different story. This play is a minor masterpiece and is brilliantly played in a slapstick, rollicking style well suited to Williams. The scene is Molly's boarding house, "The Big Dormitory," located on Cocaloony Key, south of Florida. It's just as gothic and decrepit as one could possibly expect, and inhabited by a rather gothic and decrepit crew besides. Molly (Lucille Patton) is, as far as "society" goes — here, a social climber, and Polly (Mary Louise Wilson) is the society editor of the Cocaloony Gazette, who is attempting to extract some juicy gossip from Molly. Being a hardbitten newspaper woman, she bribes Molly (not unwittingly) with some "Mary Jane." And so they turn out on the veranda, synchronizing rockers. And do they turn on convincingly! And what's more, so does the dialogue (Williams would know). "Right on!" I yelled out, forgetting myself.

Bert Houle plays the incredible Cocaloony bird, another from a host of weird Williams birds, a raucous creature with which the Gnadiges Fraulein (Eunice Anderson) must fight for her daily ration of throwaway fish. Ugh, that's Williams alright! It's her story which becomes Polly's feature article, and the play's focal point. Christopher Parsons plays Indian Joe, another boarder, a beautiful but monosyllabic Adonis for whom all of Williams' typically lustful women have eyes. It's the southern heat, they say. Greg Etchison is delightful in another character role — this time as an old wino with the trots, who must make it to the jakes almost immediately after each appearance.

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REVIEW

by DME

A surprising concert occurred on Sun., April 5th at 3 at the Baltimore Museum of Art as *Die Reihe*, a chamber group from Austria performed; their singer had no bra, one man played a garden hose.

Surprising in the sense that the group, which specializes in modern works, played three works never before heard in this country and only one before performed on this continent — at Ottawa the previous night when the group began this tour.

The music did not sound like music but had recognizable qualities — the interval leaps, bleeps, atonality, chanciness, yips, and growls one associates with modern music. Of the three new pieces, a *Catalogue des Objets Trouvés* by the man who also conducted the group — Friedrich Cerha — was the most traditional in sonorities and dynamics. Mr. Cerha conducted precisely and was very helpful in the way he would lower his arms — so you could tell a piece was over. He would turn and face the audience with a bemused look as if to say, "Did you really? Really get it?"

Some how the audience — old ladies and student-musician types did not get it. It wasn't easy — the tone row method of composition, for example, is highly abstract and mathematical. The group is named for it — "*Die Reihe*."

Yet the two pieces written by the method's founder, Arnold Schoenberg, seemed simplest of all. His *Pierrot Lunaire* was the last set — a delicately sadistic work in which some starting poems are set to disturbing music, e.g., Gallows song describes in 13 seconds the attempt of the condemned's discarded mistress — a withered hussy with long neck — to strangle him with her hair; aided by piccolo, violin, cello and piano, or Malice — gloating over the outrages of his enemy and oblivious of the unrest among piccolo, clarinet, violin and cello, Pierrot bores a hole in Cassander's skull, stuffs it with 'authentic Turkish tobacco,' sticks a reed into the opening and puffs contentedly.

This music, so influential to even the Beatles and Frank Zappa, was written in 1912 — As Europe began to disintegrate. It is not decadent or revisionist. It could represent the chaos of capitalism, or the unconscious, or strict academics (in the row). It is at least revolutionary.

The other pieces were newer yet in conception — with yet fewer references to the past. All of the music seemed composed in spurts, of say paragraph length — they are not essays or symphonies. In that sense it is closer to begin like thought. It is fairer — more democratic — including even garden hoses as instruments. It is more human — with the performers hissing, snorting, or shouting on stage.

A piece of Ligeti's (after his score for the movie *2001*, the space-music-composer) was true to his style of close, very close, intertwining sonority. It seemed an elemental and primitive work, at the same time computer-like.

A stunning blonde played the celesta. In the coolness of the museum auditorium, one felt glad the group had started this tour in Ottawa — cold, clarion Ottawa. Can you remember the late romantics — Mahler with the cow bells and the nostalgic marches — then on into modernism — Webern — the Alps — cool chamber ensembles of flute, violin, celesta, tape-recorder — music dedicated to the clearest abstractions? As Rimbaud said — "Be absolutely modern!"

Statement by

Country Joe McDonald

On the occasion of being charged (under a 1783 statute), with being "a lewd, lascivious and wanton person in speech and behavior." Charges preferred by the District Attorney of Worcester County, Massachusetts, March 18, 1970 A.D.

I would like to explain to you exactly what it is that we are being charged with doing, because people have a tendency to be really tripped out about a specific thing that we do as a regular part of our act, and we have done it for almost two years now. At a certain point in the set, usually towards the end of the show, we do a song which is a protest against the war in Vietnam. It's a very popular song among the underground. Almost everyone in the underground knows the song, and before we do it, we spell a word. We used to spell FISH — we used to say, "Give me an 'F' — the audience would say, "F"; We used to say, "Give me an 'I' — the audience would say, "I"; "Give me an 'S' — the audience would say, "S"; "Give me an 'H' — the audience would say, "H"; and then someone would yell, "What does that spell?" — and they would say, "FISH"; and then we would play the song, which is called "I Feel Like I'm Fixin' to Die Rag".

We got tired of spelling fish, and at one point we started spelling out another four-letter word which begins with "F". And the audience seemed to enjoy it even more than saying, "FISH". As a matter of fact, the thing caught on so much that at several performances we would spell "FISH", but the audience would respond with the contested four-letter word, which begins with "F".

The absurdity of the paranoia of the establishment has been carried so far that right after our last Worcester, Massachusetts date (for which we have been charged with being obscene), we were met in Boston by 1 police captain, 3 lieutenants, 75 uniformed patrolmen equipped with clubs, guns and mace, several police squad cars, 25 plainclothes detectives and a paddy wagon, and we were informed that we couldn't do that thing which we had done in Worcester —

ter—but no one would articulate what it was that we had done because I imagine they were just waiting for us to do it again.

It is really an infringement upon the constitutional rights of the audience to have the police decide what we can and cannot hear, particularly when this is such a very small issue;

it is generally the tendency of the establishment to treat young people as if they were second-class citizens—as if they are not capable of making rational decisions which would lead to moral conduct. The kids are finding out that the real obscenities and the real immoral acts are committed by the establishment—the adult community which chooses to manifest its hangups in poisoning the rivers and the oceans, and the food we eat, by smoking themselves into alcoholic stupors and by forcing their own children to go off into a foreign country and murder for them (because they don't have the courage to do it themselves). And then, in the light of all this, they expect—not only expect, but demand the right to be able to censor what their children do and not do, and hear and see.

A warrant was issued for my arrest, and I assume they did that because

I am the leader of the group. But in actuality, everyone in that audience and the band participated in the act. Everyone in the building at the show participated as much as anyone else in what happened in saying the disputed word—a word which almost everyone uses almost every day of their lives. So, it is difficult for me to really understand exactly what I am being charged with. Actually, maybe everyone who was there should be cited—I don't know.

The older generation really has no business being offended by what happens at the concert, they shouldn't be there. Our audience is not offended by what happens—we are not offended—and we never asked the police to be there in the first place.

It is surprising to me that at a time when all man's energy should be focused towards solving the important issues, like problems of war, poverty, unemployment and education, that the establishment tries to focus in on very small unimportant issues such as the length of people's hair and the words that they say. This whole issue is a nickel-dime issue, and just an excuse for the establishment to harass myself, the band and the audience in Worcester. I think it is pretty clear to all the audience that the older generation has disqualified itself from any right to supervise the activities of young people, or to supervise the activities of rock-and-roll bands and youngsters when they do something together. Rock bands like ours are perfectly capable of leading a gathering of teenagers at our concerts, and the audience is perfectly able to take care of itself.

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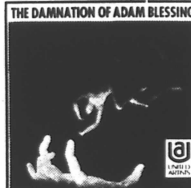
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NEEDED—I guess I'm not into anything, is there a chick out there who'll give me a call? Ask for Gary before 9 p.m. W14-2102

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UNHAPPY?—Dissatisfied? Interested in alternate life styles? Want to get your ideas put into action, do something important? We need people who are willing to work hard, have ideas, and can help, help and give more help. Join the Alliance to Humanize America for more information call Randy 486-8594 or 484-0182

PIANO WANTED—If you have an old used piano to donate to a worthy cause (poverty stricken musicians) and don't want to move it, please call us at 363-1250, anytime. Your piano will find a good home with us — it will be repaired and played — cared for and not abused. Please help 363-1250

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5 APPTS. for rent — efficiencies and one bedrooms — all in same house and super cheap. \$50.00 everything included. 18 hundred block of Charles. Freaks welcome. Call Dave 523-6455.

FOR SALE — Stereo Cartridge — ADC 10E Mk II elliptical stereo pickup. Only one year old, nearly mint condition. Original cost \$60.00, sacrifice \$12.00. Note: will the person who called about this please call again and leave his number? Also records — some new, some old, some out-of-print. Classical, folk, and rock. Some are real rarities. These are all duplicated in my present collection, and I am weeding them out because of it's over-whelming size. 25 to 75 cents a piece. Call 363-1250 or 242-2150.

FOR SALE — one 1964 Corvair Monza for parts Body (front) wrecked, engine, transmission, electrical system, etc. all in good condition. Ideal for replacement engine (140-hp) for converting an under-powered VW bus into something fierce, or for sick-engined Corvair, or even a fiberfab job. Body includes some John Fitch Sprint conversion work which may be useable, such as metallic linings (increases Corvair's stopping power by appx. 40%). Closest offer to \$125 will take. Call 363-1250 or 243-2150.

SALE — Pandora's Box — Going out of Business sale open mon., wed. fri 1 to 5:30, sat. 10 to 5 til end of April.

MALE MODEL — 20 years old, 6'1", 170 lbs., neat & attractive, available for your thing — photography, posing, or body painting. Send name, address, age, and phone to box 30, c/o HARRY.

ECLECTIC, gentle, and sensitive guy would like to meet artistic-oriented female, 19-22, with similarly arranged mind. Write explore, c/o HARRY.

FOR SALE — 2 complete Ludwig drum sets plus 6 cymbals (1 yr. old). Call Jerry Quinn of Ames Oakes at the Blue-Sette, 467-4404 or 358-7385.

FLESH for hire. 276-8059.

Will do job in my home. Linda Salmas, 708 S. Broadway. 21224.

PEOPLE'S FREE THEATRE — needs people for : working, acting, dancing, writing, funning and freaking. Call Dave, 523-6455.

KATHARINE — I love you. Why do you treat me this way? Ashby.

Margaret O'Brien and Sherry Little please call home.

NEEDED: Experience drummer for band playing Beatles, Stones, and Credence. Jobs every weekend till June, then full-time. Call Luke at 747-9867 or 744-9574

HELP — I need a job of any sort. write box 100, c/o HARRY

JOAN AND LARRY — Where are you? I would like to see you, but I lost your address. Contact me c/o HARRY. Peace, Lennie.

FOR SALE — Lots of things because am splitting to Canada. Call 727-3291 or come in to Truth, 7 W. Preston.

FOR SALE—Epiphone gutiar w/case call Pete 486-7958

INCEST LOVERS WANTED—for meetings with similar couples. Phone no. if possible. Write Tony, Box 11, care of HARRY.

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What is WHAT?

The Corner Theater will present the premier of Gordon Porterfield's new play *whatisonheolyatholicapostolicbrownandstinksuptheuniverse* on Thursday, April 23. It is the first Porterfield play to be presented at the experimental theater since his *The Universal Nigger*, which opened recently at the Chelsea Theater in New York. Reservations can be made by calling 728-4707.

FREE CONCERT
SUNDAY APRIL 19th
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MUSICIANS' BENEFIT
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DOODY * OAKS

BLUESETTE

NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

APRIL 17 - FRIDAY

Music:

"Meat"
Bluesette

Jim & Charlie Beag
Seed of Discovery

Bette White
Son of Coffee Grounds

Mike Hunt
Loyola College

Warmth
Dundalk Church of the Brethren

Matheiss and Dimenna
Crack of Dawn

Goucher-Hopkins Chamber Music
Goucher College 8:30 P.M.

Theatre:

"Play With A Tiger" by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

"Heads" by Cavaleri and
Hartford Train Station by Linda
Larson.
Corner Theatre.

"The Impossible Years"
Spotlighters

Films:

"Outcast of the Islands"
Essex Community Coll. 8 P.M.

Personal Cinema Group
Maryland Institute - Mt. Royal
Station 8 P.M.

Lectures & Discussions:

"The Problem of Socrates"
St. John's College 8:15 P.M.

"Yoga and Your Mind"
Acharya Vinalananda
Homewood Friends Meeting Hou
Johns Hopkins U. 8 P.M.

Combined Village Board Meeting
Orange Propellor

Interior Design Seminar
Maryland Institute - Mt. Royal
Station 10 A.M. - 4 P.M.

APRIL 18 - SATURDAY

Music:

"Ames Oaks"
Bluesette

Jim & Charlie Beag
Seed of Discovery

"Aubrey Circle"
UMBC

Matheiss & Dimenna
Crack of Dawn

"Ignoramus"
Orange Propellor

Gregory "Omar" Kihn
Sunny Inn

Bette White
Cross Roads

Theatre:

"Play With A Tiger" by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

"Heads" by Cavaleri and
Hartford Train Station by
Linda Larson.
Corner Theatre

"The Impossible Years"
Spotlighters

"The Indian Wants the Bronx"
and "The Gnadiges Fraulein"
Center Stage

"A Taste of Honey" by Shelagh
Delany.
Balto. Performing Arts Works
The Bristol Players.

Drama Workshop Production
Maryland Institute - Mt. Royal
Station. 8 P.M.

Films:

Baltimore Film Festival Pt. II
University of Baltimore
8 P.M. \$1.

"Aparajito"
St. John's College 8:15 P.M.

Howard Hughes-Jean Harlow
"Hell's Angels"
Peabody Book Shop & Beer Stub
1:30 P.M. and 3:30 P.M.

Lectures & Discussions:

Interior Design Seminar
Maryland Institute - Mt. Royal
Station 10 A.M. - 4 P.M.

Nature:

Grand National (horse race)
Butler, Md.

APRIL 19 - SUNDAY

Music:

FREE CONCERT!!!
WYMAN PARK DELL
2 P.M. - 6 P.M.
Aux - Calhoun - Meat -
Howdy Doody

Jim & Charlie Beag
Seed of Discovery

Dizzy Gillespie Quintet in
Concert.

Famous Ballroom

"HOOT"
Crack of Dawn

Hank Levy Jazz Quartet
Essex Comm. College 2:30 P.M.

Woodhead conducting
Bach Society of Baltimore Series
Goucher College Lecture Hall
8:30 P.M.

Theatre:

"Play With A Tiger" by Lessing
Theatre Hopkins

"The Impossible Years"
Spotlighters

"Liberation"
Peabody Conservatory of Music
Rock Theater. Free. 8 P.M.
and 9 P.M.

Try-outs for "Bell, Book and
Candle"
The Bristol Players
6 - 8 P.M.

Drama Workshop Production
Maryland Institute - Mt. Royal
Station. 8 P.M.

Films:

"Aparajito"
St. John's College 8:15 P.M.

Nature:

Annapolis Rocks - lead climbing
The Ledge Rats, M.C.
8 A.M.

APRIL 20 - MONDAY

Theatre:

"Here" - an experience in senso
bombardment for an audience of
one. Make reservations at the
theatre. Corner Theatre.

Try-outs for "Bell, Book and
Candle"
The Bristol Players
7:30 - 9:30 P.M.

Drama Workshop Production
Maryland Institute - Mt. Royal
Station 8 P.M.

APRIL 21 - TUESDAY

Theatre:

"Who's Got His Own" by Ron
Milner - Their first experience
in Black Theatre.
Center Stage

Films:

Notable Short Films
Enoch Pratt Free Library

APRIL 22 - WEDNESDAY

Music:

"HOOT"
Crack of Dawn

Theatre:

"Who's Got His Own" by Ron
Milner - Their first experience
in Black Theatre.
Center Stage

Poetry:

Seed of Discovery

APRIL 23 - THURSDAY

Music:

Mike Harris
Crack of Dawn

Emerson's Old Time Custard-
Suckin' Band
and Dave Byrnes
UMBC

Theatre:

"Who's Got His Own" by Ron
Milner - Their first experience
in Black Theatre.
Center Stage

"whatisonelholycathalocapostoli
brownandstinksuptheuniverse"
by Gordon Porterfield
Corner Theatre.

Poetry:

Nikki Giovanni
Goucher College

APRIL 24 - FRIDAY

Music:

"Howdy Doody"
Bluesette

Noahzarke
Seed of Discovery

Mike Harris
Crack of Dawn

Roger Sherman
Son of Coffee Grounds

Gregory "Omar" Kihn
Universal Panacea

Theatre:

"Who's Got His Own" by Ron
Milner - Their first experience
in Black Theatre.
Center Stage

"whatisonelholycathalocapostoli
brownandstinksuptheuniverse"
by Gordon Porterfield
Corner Theatre

"The Impossible Years"
Spotlighters

Films:

"The Big Sleep"
Essex Community College
8 P.M.

"Walk In My Shoes"
Orange Propellor

APRIL 25 - SATURDAY

Music:

"Aubrey Circle"
Bluesette

Noahzarke
Seed of Discovery

"Ames Oaks"
UMBC

Jaime Brockett
Church of the Redeemer

Mike Harris
Crack of Dawn

"Cabbage"
Levering Hall - Johns Hopkins
Benefit of Hopkins Tutoring
Program: 8 P.M. \$1.

Gregory "Omar" Kihn
Universal Panacea

Andre Kostelanetz conducting
Baltimore Symphony Orchestra
Lyric Theatre 8:30 P.M.

Theatre:

"Who's Got His Own" by Ron
Milner - Their first experience
in Black Theatre.
Center Stage

"whatisonelholycathalocapostoli
brownandstinksuptheuniverse"
by Gordon Porterfield
Corner Theatre

"The Impossible Years"
Spotlighters

"The Beard" by Michael McClu
Balto. Performing Arts Works
The South Broadway Co.

Films:

"Sons of the Desert" - Laurel
and Hardy
Peabody Book Shop & Beer Stub
1:30 P.M. and 3:30 P.M.

"Apur Sansar"
St. John's College 8:15 P.M.

Nature:

Maryland Hunt Cup (horse race)
Glyndon, Md.

Lake Roland Clean-Up
Ledge Rats
9 A.M. 367-3128

APRIL 26 - SUNDAY

Music:

BENEFIT FOR SWITCHBOARD
Corpus Christi
6 - 12 P.M.

FREE CONCERT!!!
Capote Fabius
Lohlhorn - Orange Wedge
ALL DAY!!!!!!
Midstate Day Camp

Noahzarke
Seed of Discovery

Temptations
Baltimore Civic Ctr. 8 P.M.

"HOOT"
Crack of Dawn

Hermione Gingold and The N.Y.
Chamber Solists
Goucher College

Roy Brooks Jazz Renaissance
Quintet
Famous Ballroom

Theatre:

"Who's Got His Own" by Ron
Milner - Their first experience
in Black Theatre.
Center Stage

"The Impossible Years"
Spotlighters

"Liberation"
Peabody Conservatory of Music
Rock Theater 8 P.M. Free

Films:

"Apur Sansar"
St. John's College 8:15 P.M.

Nature:

Scramble hike - Little Devil's
Stairs, Shenandoah N.P.
Ledge Rats, M.C. 8 A.M.

APRIL 27 - MONDAY

Theatre:

"Here" - an experience in senso
bombardment for an audience of
one. Make reservations at the
theatre.
Corner Theatre.

APRIL 28 - TUESDAY

Music:

Haitink conducting
London Philharmonic Symphon
Orchestra
Lyric Theatre 8:30 P.M.

Theatre:

"Who's Got His Own" by Ron
Milner - Their first experience
in Black Theatre.
Center Stage

Films:

Notable Short Films
Enoch Pratt Free Library

APRIL 29 - WEDNESDAY

Music:

"HOOT"
Crack of Dawn

Comissiona conducting
Suk, violinist
Balto. Symphony Orchestra
Lyric Theatre 8:30 P.M.

Theatre:

"Who's Got His Own" by Ron
Milner - Their first experience
in Black Theatre.
Center Stage

Poetry:

Seed of Discovery

APRIL 30 - THURSDAY

Music:

Robbie Patt
Seed of Discovery

Bette White
Crack of Dawn

Theatre:

"Who's Got His Own" by Ron
Milner - Their first experience
in Black Theatre.
Center Stage

"whatisonelholycathalocapostoli
brownandstinksuptheuniverse"
by Gordon Porterfield
Corner Theatre.

Dance:

Modern Dance Concert
UMBC 8 P.M.

Various:

Nearly New Sale
Greater Balto. Medical Center
11 A.M. - 5 P.M.

MAY 1 - FRIDAY

Music:

"Crank"
Bluesette

Mike Hunt
Son of Coffee Grounds

Bette White
Crack of Dawn

Theatre:

"whatisonelholycathalocapostoli
brownandstinksuptheuniverse"
by Gordon Porterfield
Corner Theatre.

Films:

"Before the Revolution"
Essex Community Coll. 8 P.M.

Dance:

Modern Dance Group of Gouch
Goucher College 8:30 P.M.

Modern Dance Concert
UMBC 8 P.M.

Various:

Nearly New Sale
Greater Balto. Medical Center
11 A.M. - 5 P.M.

Rally at Wilde Lake in Columbia
Sponsored by Cesar Chavez and
United Farm Workers. 1 P.M.
CONTINUING EVENTS

Mar. 16 - Apr. 24
Nathan Lyon's Traveling Photo
Exhibition
Photo Gallery - Maryland Inst

Apr. 16 - 19
10th Annual Spring Dance Festiv
Maryland Ballet Co.
UMBC

Apr. 19 - May 15
Rinehart Annual Exhibition
Maryland Institute

Apr. 11 - 26
Photo Exhibition - Tadder. Wa
Neiberding
Valley School - Owings Mills

WHERE?

Bluesette
2439 N. Charles St.
467-4404 8 P.M.
Fri.&Sat. \$2. Sun. \$1.

Center Stage
11 E. North Ave. 685-5020
Tues.-Sat. 8 P.M.
Sun. 7:30 P.M.

Church of the Redeemer
Melrose & Charles
435-7333 \$2.50

Corner Theatre
853 N. Howard St.
728-4707 8 P.M.

Corpus Christi
Mt. Royal & Lafayette Aves.
523-4161

Crack of Dawn
100 W. 25th St.
243-1718

Cross Roads
Faith Presbyterian Church
Loch Raven & Woodbourne Av.

Dundalk Church of the Brethren
Yorkway & Shipway - Dundalk
284-7081

Enoch Pratt Free Library
400 Cathedral St.
685-6700 2 P.M.

Essex Community College
Ridge Rd. at Kennedy Express
682-6000

Goucher College
Dulaney Valley Rd.
825-3300

Greater Baltimore Medical Cen
6701 N. Charles St.
828-2000

Ledge Rats, M.C.
467-0813
meet: Gulliver's Books
2514 N. Charles St.

Maryland Institute
1300 W. Mt. Royal Ave.
669-9200

Orange Propellor Barn
(coffee house)
Oakland Mills Village Center
Columbia, Md. 730-7566

Peabody Book Shop
913 N. Charles St.
539-9201

Peabody Conservatory
1 E. Mt. Vernon Place
837-0600

St. John's College
Annapolis 263-2371

Sanity Inn
Edmondson Ave. & Wyman's
236 E. 25th St.
243-9234 8 P.M.

Seed of Discovery
236 E. 25th St.
243-9234 8 P.M.

Son of Coffee Grounds
Roland Ave. & Oakdale Rds.

Spotlighters
817 St. Paul St.
752-1225 8:30 P.M.

Theatre Hopkins
Charles & 34th Sts.
366-3300 8:30 P.M.

Universal Panacea
200 S. Duke St.
York, Pa.